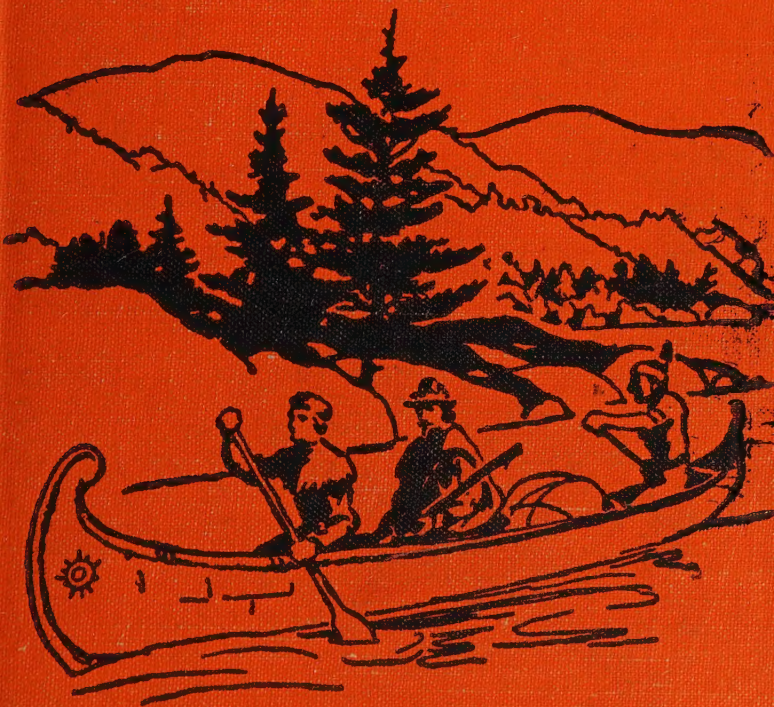


# André

BERTHA B. AND ERNEST COBB





St. Lawrence Riv

Tadousac

Montreal

Quebec

Cape Cod

Nauset

Where the kettle was  
stolen 1605

Chatham

Where four sailors  
were killed 1606

Mt. Desert

St. Croix  
Winter of 1604

Port Royal

Nova Scotia

Signe roc

Map drawn  
Champl


bar











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# ANDRÉ

BY  
BERTHA B. AND ERNEST COBB

Illustrated with Pen Drawings By  
L. J. BRIDGMAN  
and  
Historic Engravings



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THE ARLO PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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**Copyright, 1930**  
**For the United States and Foreign Countries**  
**By**  
**BERTHA B. AND ERNEST COBB**

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**Made in the United States of America**



**W**HEN we were making our first acquaintance with the historic landmarks of Castine, Maine, we met a young man close by an ancient fort that overlooks the spot where Champlain landed on that coast, three hundred years before.

Later on, this young citizen of Maine became Superintendent of Schools in Boothbay Harbor, a port where the great French explorer took much delight.

Now he teaches in Boston, another spot that Champlain explored, fifteen years before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth.

Because of these mutual ties, and especially because he has taken keen and effective interest in developing the power of young people to grasp and retain mental pictures from the printed page, ANDRE is inscribed to

W. LINWOOD CHASE

## OTHER BOOKS

By BERTHA B. and ERNEST COBB

ARLO

CLEMATIS

ANITA

PATHWAYS

ALLSPICE

DAN'S BOY

PENNIE

WHO KNOWS

BUSY BUILDER'S BOOK

ROBIN

RENARD RUSE



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WE PAY OUR THANKS TO MR. H. P. BIGGAR,  
ARCHIVIST FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA,  
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ARCHIVISTE DE LA CHARENTE-INFERIEURE,  
FRANCE, AND TO THE STAFF OF THE PUBLIC  
LIBRARY AT ROUEN, FOR THEIR KIND HELP  
IN FINDING INTERESTING MATERIAL FOR  
THIS BOOK



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# ANDRÉ

## CHAPTER I

### TWO PIECES OF GOLD

“Hola! Hola! Apothecary!”  
Monsieur Lefort rapped on the great door, and walked into the little shop.

“Yes, yes, Monsieur. I am here, at your service.” The old Apothecary hurried out from the inner room, where a furnace glowed, and water boiled in a great copper pot.

“So I see. So I see,” said Monsieur Lefort, with a smile on his broad face.  
“But where is that stork of yours who runs errands all day?”

“Ah, do you wish André?”



“He is just the boy I want. My friend, Count Duclair, says that the son of his gardener can beat any boy in Rouen at running.”

“Well, Monsieur, who knows?”

“I know, and I mean to prove it. I have bet the Count fifty crowns that André can run faster than the son of his gardener.”

The Apothecary turned away and frowned. As he was about to speak, André ran in at the door.

“Ah, here you are, my boy. Come and run me a race now, and win for yourself a piece of gold.”

Monsieur put his hand on André's broad shoulder.

“A race? Oh yes, Monsieur.” André looked up at the man, and then at the Apothecary. “When shall it be, Monsieur Lefort?”

“Now, at once, right off. Can you

beat the son of Count Duclair's gardener at running? "

André looked up and laughed. " Oh yes, Monsieur, I can do that."

" Then I have fifty crowns more in my pocket already. Let us go. My carriage is outside. Never fear, Apothecary. I'll pay you well for his time."

He took André by the arm. Then he stopped and looked down.

" Wait," he said, " what do you wear for running? "

" Just what I have on, Monsieur. I run all day." André held up his foot, with a shoe of soft leather. The sole was thick, but soft. " Père Gaspard makes them for me, and they wear a long time."

" So you know how to make shoes, too," said Monsieur, turning back to the Apothecary.

The old man bowed, and smiled, as they went out through the oak door and climbed into the carriage.

The two great horses dashed forward through the narrow street. Big children rushed out to pull little children into doorways, and women screamed from the windows; for the carriage took all the room in the narrow street. Drivers for rich men never stopped for the poor.

The Apothecary stood at the door of his shop a moment. Then he looked up at the great church tower, as the bells struck eleven.

“It will be in God’s hands,” he said softly, and turned back to his shop.

He took a great book from a shelf, and read a page carefully. Then he laid the book on the floor by his side with the pages open. From a box he took a cup of brown sugar. This he



St. Owen's Church raised its crown softly against  
the evening sky





poured into the pot. Then from a large jar he took a handful of dry green leaves. From another jar he took a cup of brown bark, broken into small pieces. These he also poured into the copper pot, and stirred them about with a great horn spoon. Then he placed the cover over the pot, and blew with his bellows until the fire glowed, and the pot boiled.

As he worked he talked softly to himself.

“It will be in God’s hands,” he said again. “I have done what I could.” Once more he frowned, as he blew with the bellows to keep the pot boiling.

He was reading again from the great book beside him, when André ran back into the shop.

“Look! only look!” he cried, and he opened his hand, to show him two golden crowns.

“Yes, yes, I see. Have you run your race already? You started only half an hour ago.”

“Run? Of course. It was no race at all. The little wooden-legs said he could beat me best in a short race, so it was only from Joan of Arc Street to the castle of the Count.”

“Well, so you beat him then?”

“Beat him? Why, Père Gaspard, he was only a boaster. When he found I was winning he began to limp, and said he had stepped on a flint. The Count was in a rage. He called him a dog and a coward, and said he would send the gardener away for having such a boy.”

André laughed, and pressed the coins into the hands of the old man.

“Why, Père Gaspard,” he cried, “you are not pleased. Just think, two gold pieces! Are you not happy?”

The old Apothecary looked down at him with his soft gray eyes.

“My boy,” he replied, “it is gold, and gold is a good thing to have; but gold may cost very dear. To tell the truth, I wish this gold back where it came from. But after all, André, you won a fair race. There is no blame to you. Put out the bread. I will have the little pot on in the wink of an eye, and you shall have some good cabbage soup, with a sausage, for your lunch.”

The old man took off his heavy fur cap, and changed his warm coat for a long gown of woolen cloth. At his work he wore his warmest clothing, for it was still winter. The houses of Rouen had few stoves, and the heat from open fires soon went up the chimney, to warm the winter wind.

Père Gaspard washed his hands carefully in a basin by the door. Then



he blew the coals once more into a hot blaze, to boil the soup.

“Call Marie,” he said. “Tell her we shall have lunch early today. Master Brook will be here soon for your lessons.”

While André went to call Marie, the little old woman who served the Apothecary as cook and housekeeper, Père Gaspard took a great key from his belt, and unlocked the pantry door. Then he took out a small piece of boiled pork, some cabbage, already cooked, and several slices of sausage.

“Here, Marie,” he said, as the old woman came in, “make some good cabbage soup, and warm the sausage. André will lay out the bread.”

“What!” cried Marie. “Is this a feast day? I had forgotten.”

Père Gaspard smiled. “No, Marie, it is not a feast day for all; but André

has won two pieces of gold in a race, and we shall feast in his honor."

André cut the long loaf into large pieces, and laid them out on the worn, smooth oak table.

Marie smacked her lips at the thought of sausage and soup in the same lunch, and hastened to boil the cabbage with the bit of pork. She put in salt and pepper, with sweet herbs and spices, adding a delicious flavor that French cooks can give to the most simple dish.

Soon the smell of the boiling soup spread all through the room.

"Come, my lads," called Père Gaspard to the two young men who worked for him in the shop. "Wash your hands, and we shall all be ready. Master Brook will come early today, and our young runner must rest after lunch, before he begins his lessons."

## CHAPTER II

### TOMORROW AT TWO

Master Brook came into the shop just as the great bell above them struck two. He was a square, heavy man, but not at all fat. As he walked in, his step was light and quick. He moved as if walking was a pleasure, though he was no longer young. His hair was already turning gray.

“Ah, good day, Master Brook,” said Père Gaspard. “You are here as you promised. André is ready, at your service, for his lessons.”

“Very well; André is always ready. He seems to be ready for anybody.” Master Brook laughed.

“What do you mean?” The old man looked up from his furnace.

“ Oh, I speak of the race this morning, with the gardener’s boy.”

“ Have you heard of that already? ”

“ I should say. Monsieur Lefort invited many friends to lunch with him at the Crown of France, and he was telling all the world about André and his race. He declares that André can beat any runner in France.”

Père Gaspard drew in his breath and frowned again, as he turned back to the furnace. “ It will come to no good for André,” he muttered.

Just then André came in.

“ Ah, Master Brook. Here you are. I am ready. Let us go.”

From a corner of the inner room he took a pair of stout ash sticks, smooth and round, as they were cut from the young trees. Beside them hung two heavy leather gloves, each made to fit the right hand. There



was also a thick cap, that André wore while taking his lessons. These he took to a small door that led into a court yard and garden behind the shop. Master Brook followed him into this quiet garden.

The front of this house stood square on the narrow street, with a little sidewalk that gave room for just one person. All the other houses and shops were built in a solid row up and down the narrow street. There was no space between them, not even enough to hide a mouse.

But behind the houses were little court yards and gardens, with high walls of stone, where people could walk in fine weather, and sit under the shade of their own trees. There they could have their meals in the summer time. There they could play quiet games in the long evenings.

There they could do as they liked, with no one to spy upon them.

André led Master Brook into such a garden behind his home. A row of chestnut trees grew on one side, and a high wall, built of stones, went all about, so no one could see them, unless he climbed the wall.

The wall at the back was built into the side of the hill, that ran up, away from the river below. Up and up it ran, until, if you climbed to its top, as André often did, you would come to the great gray tower where Joan of Arc was kept a prisoner until she was taken out to be burned in the old market place.

“Have you practiced the thrust this week?” asked Master Brook.

“Yes, I have done as you said,” replied André. “But I like to strike a good blow much better. What use is

it when you poke at a man with a stick? If I had a sword, now."

"That you will know all in good time," replied Master Brook. "It is not he who strikes hardest, but he who strikes first, that wins. To strike a blow from above you must first raise your single-stick, and that takes time; but to thrust, you need only to drive your stick forward with one stroke. See, I will show you. On guard."

André raised his single-stick and stood on guard, as he had been taught. But hardly had he taken his guard when he felt a blow on his chest, and staggered back against the wall.

The boy stared at Master Brook in surprise. "What did you do?" he asked. "I did not even see the blow you struck."

"It is just as I said. I held my single-stick so, as you know, on a level

with your breast. Then I raised my left hand. You turned your eyes to watch my left hand for half a second. That was long enough. Before you turned your eyes back on my single-stick, it had reached your breast. If I struck your stomach and struck hard, you would now be in bed, and would stay there a long time."

André smiled, though his face was rather pale.

"Come now, my lad. You will soon be a man. You are now taller than I. You will be big and strong, but this is a hard world, and you must be ready at all times to defend yourself. Strength is good; skill is better. A good thrust, even with a single-stick, may some day save your life."

So they began their practice. André was fifteen. His legs were long and slender. His waist was slim, but his

shoulders were already broad, and his chest was deep.

“Good, good! You are already a man,” cried Master Brook, as André thrust, and swung back, with his single-stick on guard. Back and forth he struck and thrust, following the rules he had learned and practiced so faithfully.

But try as he could, he never touched the body of Master Brook. Faster and faster he struck and thrust. Each time he felt sure he would succeed; but always the smooth round stick of Master Brook was in his path.

Every trick André had learned, and every blow and thrust he knew, were tried again and again. Click, click, click. The court echoed with the sound of the blows.

“Well struck, well thrust, my boy.”

Père Gaspard had come out and





“Well struck, my boy”



stood watching, with a smile of pleasure, as they fenced.

Master Brook raised his left hand as a sign for André to rest.

“Does he not do well, my friend?” he asked, turning to Père Gaspard. “His body moves, but he stands like an oak.”

“La, la. He is a man already. But have you taught him the low stroke at the knee, as I myself taught you in years gone by?”

“Oh yes, Père Gaspard. He has taught me that. On guard, Master Brook. Let him see.”

Again the single-sticks crossed and clicked. And now André suddenly dropped the end of his stick, striking sharply to the left. Quick as a flash the other stick dropped to meet it. But quick as he was, Master Brook got a sharp blow on the side of his knee.

“ Oh, I beg pardon. I did not expect to strike you.” André lowered his single-stick, and stood back.

“ It is nothing, nothing at all. I am proud of such a blow from a pupil. What say you to that stroke, Père Gaspard? ”

“ I say that you are the best master in Normandy, and he is a good pupil. It will take a clever man and a strong man to beat him today, even if he is a boy. Practice that leg blow, as well as the thrust, André. With those two strokes you will beat many a man armed with a sword and dagger.”

“ And now,” he continued, speaking in lower tones, “ it is time André learned to use the sword itself.”

André drew a deep breath, and his eyes flashed. “ A sword! May I then learn the sword? ”

“ Hush, not so loud.” Père Gaspard

looked all about. "Wait, Master Brook, and tell me what you think."

Père Gaspard went to a room that led from his own chamber, where André had never been. In a moment he came back with a long leather case in his hand.

He looked carefully around once more, and then opened the case. It was lined with red velvet, and two swords lay on the red velvet lining.

Master Brook took one of the swords, and looked at it with glowing eyes, as he held it up.

The hilt of the sword was covered with gold, and a letter, the letter D, was laid on the end in blue enamel. All this André saw at once. But Master Brook did not look at the hilt. He began to feel the blade, to bend it in his hand, and to examine the edge and the point. His eyes glowed.

“It is of Toledo, is it not?” He turned to Père Gaspard.

“Yes, watch now.” The old man placed the point against a glove that he held in his left hand. He bent the blade until it curved in a circle and touched the hilt. When he let go, the blade sprang back with a sound like a bell, as true and straight as it had been before.

“The King can have no better,” said the old man. Stepping forward a little, he held the blade before him, on guard. He thrust and drew back, turned it to left and to right, and in a circle. The blade moved so fast that all André could see was a flash and glitter as it swept through the air.

Master Brook whispered to André. “See that, my lad, see that. Not three men in Normandy could beat him, even now, in his old age.”



The old man put the swords back into the case. "Tomorrow, my boy," he said, "we will begin with these; for you must learn to make your way like a man. But, my son, speak of it to no one, not even to the lads in the shop. Remember that only those of high birth are allowed to own swords and learn to use them. Talking might bring us harm."

He stepped into the room where André had never been, to return the swords. At that moment they heard a loud voice in the shop.

"Hola! Hola! Where is Père Gaspard? Where is the Apothecary? Where is André? "

"It is Monsieur Lefort again," said Père Gaspard, coming out. "Yes, Monsieur, here I am at your service." He hurried into the shop, with André at his heels.

Monsieur Lefort leaned against the door frame and tapped on the floor with his little cane, while the lace cuffs on his sleeve shook, and flopped about his hands.

“Aha! Here you are, then. Tell me, my lad. Did you ever hear of the Deer of Roumare?”

André opened his eyes wide. “Yes, Monsieur. I have heard that he runs so fast even the deer in the great forest cannot escape him.”

“Well then, here is the question—can you beat him?”

André thought a moment as if in doubt. Then his eyes flashed, and he stood up straight, with his shoulders back, and his chest out.

“Monsieur,” he said, “only one has beaten me in a race, and that was my brother, who is dead. Perhaps the Deer of Roumare can run faster.

Who knows? I will race him if you wish. Then we shall see."

"There now, you talk like a man. Beat him you can, and beat him you shall. I will bet Count Duclair a thousand golden crowns that you can beat him."

"But, Monsieur," said Père Gaspard, "that is a fortune. How can we tell? André is only a boy, after all, as you know."

"But me no buts, Père Gaspard. But me no buts, and make me no answers," Monsieur Lefort broke in. "It is I who can tell. André can beat him. André shall beat him, and no later than tomorrow. Count Duclair is too proud. I will teach him a lesson this time."

He turned to André. "Be ready then tomorrow by two. Beat the Deer and I will make you rich."

He turned, and got into his coach.

"Tomorrow at two," he called back, as the horses dashed away over the flint paving stones in the narrow street.



Samuel de Champlain

## CHAPTER III

### THE SECRET ROOM

When the coach of Monsieur Lefort had gone, André turned to look at Père Gaspard. The old man was grave and troubled and silent.

“Do you fear that I shall lose the race?” he asked.

The Apothecary went slowly to his furnace, and blew into the coals with the bellows, until the fire glowed red beneath the copper pot.

“What is it, Père Gaspard? Are you angry? Do not fear for me. I have never lost a race. I have never run half as fast as I can. I am sure I can win.”

Père Gaspard looked kindly into the

broad, happy face, and the bright brown eyes, turned up to his.

“It will make no difference,” he said, “if you win or if you lose. That was not Monsieur Lefort talking just now. It was the wine he drank at lunch. Wine has the tongue of a trumpet, but not even the brains of a mouse, for a mouse knows when to keep quiet.”

He turned and gently laid his hand on André's head.

“My son, it will make no difference who wins. Monsieur Lefort has wagered a fortune on this race. Remember the old verse,

Wagers and bets. Wagers and bets.

A man gives nothing for what he gets.

“When Monsieur Lefort awakes tomorrow the wine will be gone from his head, and he will know





“What is it. Père Gasnard?”



that he has been a fool. Count Duclair will accept his bet, because he also has had wine, and the wine will give him bad advice. Neither of these men has a thousand crowns in gold just now, for money is hard to get in Rouen."

"Oh," said André, looking down.

"You see, my boy," the old man went on, "if you win, then Count Duclair will hate you. If you lose, Monsieur Lefort will hate you."

He turned back to his coals a minute. Then he rose.

"Come with me," he said.

Going to the room where André had never been, he unlocked the door and drew the boy inside. Quickly André looked around the room. Near him stood a large desk, of rich dark wood, carved in delicate designs. In the center was carved the letter D.

A chest of drawers was near the desk, and many chairs were piled against the wall. A great bed, also richly carved, stood at the end of the room. Many pictures, in gold frames, were piled neatly beside the bed.

One picture hung against the wall, in a clear light.

“Come and look at this,” said Père Gaspard, as he led André to the light.

The picture showed two men who had been playing a game of cards. Each had drawn a knife, and they were being held by others, to keep them from fighting. A little boy, in great fear, was screaming at the top of his voice.

The old man turned to André.

“Do you know how your father died, my lad?”

“They have told me,” he replied slowly, “that he died in poverty and

disgrace because he lost all he had in playing games and betting. Is that true, Père Gaspard? ”

“ Yes, that is true. A dear friend, who was a painter, made this picture to show what he thought of betting at cards. It has been famous, and hundreds of copies have been sold all over Europe.”

André looked again at the picture. Beneath it he read,

#### THE END OF A HAPPY GAME.

“ How happy they all look! The little lad is full of joy, is he not? ”

Père Gaspard turned away as he spoke, but André could see a grim smile creeping over his face. As he looked at the little boy, he could not help smiling himself, though he felt very sad, when he thought of the father he had never seen.

“The picture tells the whole story,” Père Gaspard went on. “The wine jug is empty, you can see. As the men drank the wine, each one became filled with the idea that he was very clever, and quite rich. Each one was sure he would win. Now you see the end of it all. Two men who were good friends are quite ready to kill each other, just because of wine and betting.”

The old man turned and looked deep into André's eyes. His smile was gone now. “Do you wonder that I hate betting, and that I fear it also?”

“No,” replied André. “I guess I shall hate it too.” He paused a moment. Then he took Père Gaspard's hand in both his own.

“Tell me. Did my brother Robert die in that way too? Tell me about





The end of a happy game



him. You know it is so long since he went away, that I don't remember him very well."

The old man turned to the little window, and looked out at the gray sky above. Then he laid his hand on André's shoulder, and spoke in a low voice, full of kindness.

"André, your brother is not dead. It is time for you to know the truth about him."

"Not dead? "

André stood back and looked at the Apothecary with startled eyes. "Not dead, Père Gaspard? Where is he then? Where has he gone? "

"That I do not know, but I hope he is alive and well. A man of the noble class, and of great power, wished to do him harm, so he was sent quickly away out of Normandy to save him from this danger."

“ Ah, and then people said he was dead, because he was gone.”

“ Yes, André. Only one or two about here know that he is still alive, and they will never tell of it.”

“ But, Père Gaspard, tell me—”

“ Hush, my boy, let us talk no more of this today. Another time, later on, you shall ask what you wish, and I will answer. But now there is much to do. People are waiting for pills and powders. You must make haste, for night will soon be here.”

They went out into the shop just in time to meet two men who had come in. They were strangers to André. One was quite young, dressed like a sailor from the ships in the river below, though he had a good face, and seemed more like a gentleman.

The other was of middle height,

perhaps about thirty-five years old. He did not seem of noble birth, but his clothes were finer than those of ordinary men. His body was heavy, like that of Master Brook. His chest was even more full and round than that of the fencing master, and his shoulders were square and strong.

But as André saw the stranger more clearly, he forgot the strong and active body. Thick brown hair was brushed back from a broad, smooth forehead, and keen brown eyes glowed out from heavy eyebrows. The nose and mouth were made strong and even, for a face of kindness and power.

As André looked up into that lighted face he said to himself, "I know I should love this man."

But Père Gaspard gave him one searching look in the dim light, and then stretched out his hand.

“Monsieur Champlain, is it you then? Welcome, welcome to Rouen. Ah, you are off again over the ocean; off to New France again?”

“Not today, not today, my good Père Gaspard,” returned Monsieur Champlain, “but we are getting ready. My good bark is at Honfleur, and I am waiting a day or two for men, money, and supplies.”

“Ah, would that I might go also, and see that wonderful land!” The eyes of the old Apothecary gleamed as he spoke.

“How I wish you could go, Père Gaspard. It would be wonderful indeed to have a skilled man of medicine on our ship. I come now to beg your help for my young friend. He is ill.”

Père Gaspard turned to the young man and asked him some questions,

while Monsieur Champlain spoke to André in a friendly way.

The boy eagerly asked him many questions about the voyage, and the strange lands in New France across the great sea. He wished in his heart that he, too, might sail away and see all these wonderful sights.

In a few minutes the Apothecary had given the young sailor a small bottle of medicine, and gave him also some good advice.

“Remember, my boy, that God himself has given you the very best medicine, and that is sleep. For that he charges you nothing at all. Say good night to your friends and your wine bottle at ten o’clock. Then your eyes will soon be as bright as your master’s, and you will need my medicine no longer.

“Come, André,” he went on,



“you must be off. Here is a box of pills for Master Morel, who is in the new house they have built by the Broom Market; and here is a bottle for the father of your friend Paul, who lives in Crow Street. Let him be sure to take only a spoonful of this medicine four times a day in a great cup of pure water from the spring on Helping Hill.

“The medicine will do him no harm,” he added, with a smile, “and the water will do him much good. He has ruined his stomach with cheap wine, and if I do but fill him up with pure water he will have no room for wine. Run away, now. A boy who would win a great race must have practice.”

“Aha!” cried Monsieur Champlain. “So that is the lad who is going to race with the Deer of Roumare.”

“ My faith! Have you heard of that already, Monsieur? ”

“ My dear Père Gaspard, I have heard of nothing else. Down at the Crown of France they talk of nothing but the great race. The Deer of Roumare is there drinking the health of all the world, and telling what a joke the race tomorrow will be for the Count and himself.”

“ Ah,” replied the old man, drawing in his breath.

“ Why, the foolish fellow has bought a new velvet coat, and promises to pay for it from what he will win tomorrow. He has bet every crown in his purse on the race.”

The Apothecary looked very grave, and sat on a stool, as if weary.

“ Would you do me an act of kindness, Monsieur Champlain? ”

“ Willingly, gladly.”

“André will need help and care, for they will beat him by foul means if they cannot beat him fairly. Would you stand as a second for him, with Master Brook, and see that the lad is not cheated?”

“It will be a pleasure, my friend. I promise to watch over him as if he were my own son, and”—he lowered his voice—“we will demand a long race, two miles at least. If the Deer keeps on drinking a health to all the world, he will use his breath in boasting, and have none left to run the race with.”

Père Gaspard looked down for a moment, and thought, passing his hand over his brow.

“My friend, could I speak with you a moment alone?”

“And why not? Most gladly, Père Gaspard.”



The narrow streets of Rouen



The Apothecary lit a candle, and took him into the room where André had seen the chairs and the great carved desk.

There they stayed for some time, and André had already returned when they came back into the shop.

“Until tomorrow noon, then,” said Monsieur Champlain, as he went off with his young sailor. “Good luck and pleasant dreams.”

“He is a good man and a good friend,” said Père Gaspard. “Now, André, you must take your candle and study your books. Nimble feet grow slow and stiff as years go on, but a nimble brain will last your whole life through, and be your willing servant.”

André took his candle and his books, and went to the end of the long oak table to study. He was

fond of books, and eager to become an apothecary and doctor, like the old man everyone loved and respected so much in Rouen.

But as André bent over the great book on the table and tried to read, the words before him grew dim. He no longer saw them. Instead he saw the long, straight road by the river, and the people standing in crowds along the shore.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE GREAT RACE

Rouen was filled with people the next day. From little villages round about they came to see the race, and to get a share of the food and drink that Count Duclair might give them on such a holiday. From the great forest of Roumare many wood-cutters and foresters, who knew the Deer of Roumare, came in to see their great runner win his race.

The sailors in the boats, which passed up and down the Seine River, heard of the trial; so they tied their boats to the bank an hour or two, and gathered by the road. Work could wait on such a day.

The people of Normandy were strong and active, and fond of sport. A race for a fortune of a thousand crowns did not take place every year.

The Deer of Roumare was known by many, far and wide. Stories of his great speed were told at the inns and on the corners. No one could say he had beaten the Deer of Roumare.

As for André, he was known by few. In the race with the gardener's son he had been seen for the first time in a real race. But it was true that he, also, had never been beaten, except by his brother, when he was only a child.

Among themselves the boys of Rouen often raced for sport, and André beat them all so often and so easily that they believed he might also win today, even against the great man of Roumare.

At noon Master Brook came to the shop, in his Sunday clothes.

“What have you had to eat this morning, my lad?” he asked.

“Chocolate and rolls, with a little fresh butter,” replied André.

“That is well. Now eat two eggs, as you like them best, with a piece of bread. Then drink a big cup of pure water from the spring, and touch nothing else until after the race. The Deer is feeding and drinking well at the Crown of France.”

“Ah,” said Père Gaspard, “he will find it a heavy load to carry. Think how many have dug their own graves with their teeth.”

“Now, André,” Master Brook went on, “you have heard much about the great speed of this man. You will hear more. But do not fear. He is a grand boaster. I have asked about

him, and I find that he has run most of his races with his tongue, at oak tables, over a bottle of wine.

“I believe you can beat him; but you must attend carefully to what I say. The race will be long. You will run from the castle of Count Duclair along the river to the red house just below Helping Hill. There you will take a blue flag from the Mayor’s son, who stands in the street. I shall be there by the red house to see that all is fair and honest. Then you must take the blue flag back to the castle gate and give it to the Count.”

“It is good of you, Master Brook, to care for André so well,” said the old Apothecary.

“It is nothing, nothing at all. To-night you will be proud of him. Remember now, my boy, that the

Deer of Roumare is older than you, and is a crafty fellow. He may start off very fast; but do not mind that at all. Set your own pace. Go only as fast as you know you can run, over the whole distance. Then at the end you can do your best, and run faster than ever."

"And if he gets way ahead of me?" asked André.

"Do not mind. You must think of yourself, not of him. You know how fast you can go, for you know these roads well. The end of the race counts most. Save your strength.

"Above all, my boy, remember this. Remember this above everything. Keep away from him. Do not run behind him so he can throw up dust in your face. Do not run in front until you know you can keep well ahead, or he may step on your heels

and trip you. When you pass him, keep off to one side. Can you remember all that? ”

“ Oh yes, Master Brook. The race is about two miles. I often run two miles about the city.”

“ All the better. After you have turned at the red house, you will soon pass the Lion Gate. There you may begin to run faster, if you have strength left, and can finish the race at top speed.”

“ Be off now, both of you,” cried Père Gaspard. “ Here are your light shoes, André, rubbed in oil, and soft as silk. Win your race, my boy. Win your race. If harm comes of it, that will be no fault of yours. I shall be proud of you.”

The old man helped André to lace on his new shoes, and he went off with Master Brook, his head held high.

Before the castle of Count Duclair a crowd had gathered. The Deer of Roumare was there, laughing and telling all the world what a joke it was to race a boy like André.

“As for him,” he cried, “I will make the poor boy look like a baby on a nursing string, to keep it from falling on the floor.”

The Deer of Roumare was tall and strong. His hair was black; his eyebrows were black; his eyes were black. He was a true Norman.

As André came up, he heard them speaking.

“Ah, here he is now, poor lad.”

“Perhaps not so poor. Have you never seen him run? Maybe the Deer will learn a lesson.”

“Oh, but he is so young.”

“And his legs are so thin.”

Each one had something to say, and



the boy was beginning to feel afraid, when he saw Monsieur Champlain, talking pleasantly to Count Duclair and Monsieur Lefort.

“Come here, my boy,” he called. “Come here and be presented at court.

“This is André, who will run against your man from the forest,” he said to Count Duclair.

“I saw him yesterday,” replied Count Duclair, with a frown.

“But this is another day. You will find him a worthy lad. He can but do his best, and we must give him greeting as he deserves.”

Monsieur Champlain was so jolly and pleasant that even Count Duclair had to smile.

“It will be my turn today,” he replied. But he gave André greeting.

The plans for the race were soon made. Master Brook with the

Mayor's son, drove in the coach of Monsieur Lefort down the dusty road to the red house, to make sure that both runners ran the full length of the course.

It was a bright, sunny day, and a warm breeze from the south whispered that spring had come at last. The breeze made the sunshine sparkle on the River Seine, and the soft light on the hills, that rose above the city towers, showed green grass already growing in the fields.

The Mayor had come to see the race, and to start the runners.

"Is everything ready down the course?" he called.

Yes, yes, everything was ready.

"Then let the runners stand at the line. Stand back there."

The crowd opened, and the Deer of Roumare came through, closely

followed by André. They stood at a mark in the dust across the street.

“Are you ready?—Go!”

The voice of the Mayor rang out, and the two runners dashed off.

The Deer did just as Master Brook had said. He started at full speed along the road, and laughed as he passed André.

“Adieu,” he called back.

Now in France they say “adieu” only when they expect never to see you again. In parting they always say “au revoir,” which means, “until I see you again.” So when the Deer said “adieu” it made André angry, and before he thought, he was racing along at his heels.

Suddenly he choked, and coughed. The Deer had kicked up a cloud of dust in his face. Then he remembered the words of Master Brook.

“Aha,” he said to himself, “I am forgetting.” And he dropped back to a steady pace that he knew he could keep up for two miles.

At once the Deer drew ahead, and left André far behind. Cheers burst from the crowd as the dark man from the forest raced along the dusty road, smiling at them as he went by.

After half a mile he turned, and seeing André well behind, he ran more slowly. At this, André, who was running with great ease, went a little faster, so when they passed the Lion Gate he had already come much nearer to the Deer.

The people from the boats, and many from other towns, had climbed up on the walls to see them as they turned, and when the dark man took the blue flag and started back, a great shout arose along the road.

“ He has turned.”

“ See, he has the flag already.”

“ André is gaining. See, André is gaining on the Deer.”

“ Ah, but he is too late. The Deer is far ahead.”

Each one had his opinion. It really did seem as if André were beaten. But there were two who did not agree to this. One of these was Master Brook. The other was André himself.

Master Brook watched the Deer of Roumare as he came to the turn, and then looked at André. The Deer was hot, and breathing hard. His face was red, and covered with sweat, that ran down his flaming cheeks. But André was running easily, with no sign of distress.

“ Ah,” thought Master Brook.

“ The Deer is done even now. He has

shot his bolt. See how lightly André lifts his feet. He has not begun to race yet. He will win."

And the lad looked keenly at the man from Roumare as he passed him. He noted the laboring breath, and the streams of sweat that ran down his face. No laughing now.

"He can never hold out. He is nearly spent already," thought the boy, "and I can run back much faster than I came."

As he turned, with the blue flag in his hand, André saw that the man in front was running still slower. His head was bent forward. His feet dragged along the ground.

Spurred on by this sight, André ran faster, and as they reached the Lion Gate he was close at his heels. But, excited by the hope of beating the Deer so easily, André forgot the warning

of Master Brook. As the Deer was stumbling along, he started to pass close beside him.

Suddenly André felt a sharp pain in his side. He choked. He could hardly breathe. He staggered, and almost fell. At the same instant the Deer raised his head and started out again at top speed.

The man had played him just the trick that Master Brook feared. Pretending that he was nearly spent, he had got André close to him, and then drove his sharp elbow deep into his side, with all his strength.

For a moment a mist came over the boy's eyes. He could barely put one foot before the other. Then, as he struggled on, the pain grew less. His breath came back, and he saw the man racing ahead before him.

André was filled with rage and





“On! On! André!”



shame. So this was what Master Brook had feared. He had forgotten, and let the Deer half kill him with a blow that perhaps nobody saw. In his rage came a new feeling of joy, for his feet grew light again, his head cleared, and he could breathe. The pain he felt with each breath was sharp, but that he must stand. He must win now, he must win.

André raised his arms and elbows higher. He pushed out his feet in longer strides. He almost doubled his speed. Stride by stride he gained once more on the man in front, who strained every nerve to keep ahead.

Both runners could now see the people gathered by the castle of Count Duclair. The air was filled with shouts. Hats waved along the road.

“On! On! The Deer!”

“On! On! André!”

Some yelled for one. Some called to the other.

André flew on; though now he also began to feel the blood pounding in his ears. The sweat poured down his face. His feet grew heavy.

But the Deer of Roumare had shot his bolt, as Master Brook said. On and on he strained, slower, and slower, with each stride, until, fifty yards from the line across the road from the Count's castle, he staggered, and fell forward on his knees, while André ran past him.

Before the Deer of Roumare could rise to his feet again, André had won.

## CHAPTER V

### THE EAGLE OF ROUEN

When André crossed the line he could barely see, and his legs could hardly hold him; but suddenly he felt a strong arm about his waist, and fresh water on his face.

“Brave boy. Well run. I knew you would win.”

He opened his eyes and saw Monsieur Champlain smiling down into his face, as he placed him gently on the bank. He heard the people cheering, for they were mostly from Rouen, and their own boy had won.

Then André saw the Deer of Roumare, his face streaked with dust and sweat. His body drooped.

He could barely stand. He held up his hand before Count Duclair.

"My Lord," he called, in a hoarse voice, "I claim a foul."

Every voice grew silent. The crowd gathered about.

"What is that?" asked Count Duclair. "You claim a foul? What do you mean?"

"He struck me as he passed."

Monsieur Champlain stood up before him. "He struck you? How?"

"With his elbow, Monsieur."

Monsieur Champlain looked down at André. "Is that true?" he demanded.

"No, Monsieur. I did not strike him," replied André. He was so surprised that he could say no more. He just stared at the man from Roumare, and kept silent.

"Ha! Does he say that my man

lies then? ” called the Count. “ Shall I not believe one as well as the other? How came the Deer to fall then? ” He gave André a look of black rage, for he was angry enough at losing his thousand crowns.

At this moment the crowd parted, and Master Brook came through, followed by the son of the Mayor, who had held the flags.

“ What is wrong? ” he asked.

“ The Deer says that André struck him with his elbow.”

“ Oh, so that is it.”

Master Brook’s blue eyes flashed. Going to the Deer, he pulled open his shirt. “ Where did he strike you? ” he asked.

“ On the side, there.” The man gave Master Brook a look of hate, and pointed to his side.

But no mark could be seen. His

skin was smooth and fair. No bruise showed that a blow had been struck.

"André, my lad, stand up," called the fencing master.

As André stood before them, Master Brook laid back his shirt. There on his side was a red spot, as large as an apple of Normandy. It showed like a flame on his fair skin.

"My friend," said Master Brook to the Mayor's son, "what did we see as we followed these two back up the road by the Lion Gate?"

"We saw the Deer of Roumare strike André in the side with his elbow," replied the Mayor's son, looking at the Deer.

Then the people began to cry out.

"Shame on him for such a story."

"He is the one who struck!"

"He is a cheat."

"Yes, and a liar. What a tale!"



“Not a mark on his skin; but only look at the poor boy.”

The Count looked about in a rage, with never a word.

“My Lord Count,” said Monsieur Champlain, as he took André by the arm, “I know you will excuse us. The boy is weary. He must have rest.”

Count Duclair bowed, and the three friends started to walk back to the city. Suddenly they heard the clatter of hoofs behind them. They drew quickly to one side. It was the coach of Monsieur Lefort.

“Mount here, all of you,” he called. “You shall go home in style, my boy.”

So, as the people cheered, and waved their hats, André rode home in the grand coach.

As he got down at his own door, Monsieur Lefort put a leather purse into his hand.

“This is for you, my lad,” he said. “You have earned it well. Rouen is proud today.”

The Apothecary came to the door as the coach rattled away over the flint paving stones.

“Hola,” he called. “Here you are then.” He looked from one to the other. “Well, I can see that you won your race. Only those who win may bring home leather purses.”

They went in, and told Père Gaspard the story of the race.

“Yes, yes,” he said. “That is all just as I expected. It is the same old story. But we are proud of you, André, just the same. All Rouen will be proud of you for your race today.

“Now, lad, get the basin and towels, and bring fresh water from the fountain, for our good friends must dine with us. Marie has a pair

of young ducks on the spit already, and there is a new cheese from Bishop's Bridge. We shall feast in honor of the Eagle of Rouen."

The four friends sat down to a grand feast, and stayed a long time at the table, while André told again the story of the race. Monsieur Champlain laughed as he told how clever Master Brook was in making the Deer of Roumare show his side all smooth and fresh, while André's skin showed the great spot where he had been struck.

"It will be a wonder if the Count does not give him a good beating into the bargain," added Master Brook. "There will be no leather purse for him, I promise you. The Count was furious at losing the race."

"I can well believe it," said Père Gaspard. "Now, André, as we are

all together, let us see what is in your leather purse."

He took down the brown leather bag from the shelf, and poured a little pile of gold on the oak table.

Quickly André counted out the coins. "Twenty five golden crowns," he called, with a happy smile.

"It is a rich prize, my lad," said Monsieur Champlain. "No boy in Rouen ever won a prize like that."

André thought a moment.

"I did not win it all," he said. "If Master Brook had not been there to help me, I should have lost the race." He counted out five golden crowns, and pushed them over to the fencing master, across the table.

Master Brook looked at the old Apothecary, as if in doubt.

"They are yours, my friend," said Père Gaspard. "The boy is right

His legs could never have won the race without your head to help them."

"Well," replied Master Brook, "I have a lonely coin which longs for company, that is true, and a thousand thanks to you both."

André began to count out five crowns for Monsieur Champlain.

"No, no, my friend. I can take nothing. I have no need for your crowns. I am proud if I have done you a slight service. You are a brave lad. I must go now and see to my stock of food for the voyage. Good night to you both, and good fortune sit on your doorstep."

When the two men had gone, Père Gaspard sat looking at the crowns, before he put them away.

"You are feeling sad again, Père Gaspard."

"Who knows, my son? Here are

twenty pieces of gold, and each one has upon it a tiny drop of poison. We may not see it, but I know it is there. The Count is a bitter man."

Then he turned and smiled.

"But don't be troubled, André. You are almost a man now, and will soon be able to take care of yourself. Be off to bed."

André went off to bed, to lie and think of the great race, and feel the sore spot in his side, that Père Gaspard had rubbed with goose oil.

It was hard to sleep, so many pictures passed before his eyes: the dusty road, the tall dark man before him, the crowd, and last of all, the eyes of Count Duclair filled with rage and hate.

## CHAPTER VI

### ANDRE MUST GO

The next afternoon André had finished his study, and was out in the garden with his single-stick, trying the blows that Master Brook had taught him, when a stone fell at his feet on the grass.

He looked up, but saw no one. He looked down at the stone, and saw a bit of paper beside it. Stooping, he unfolded the paper, and found a message, written in red.

*As it was with the older, so it must be with this one, and soon.*

He read it again, and scratched his head. As it was with the older, so it must be with this one, and soon.

What in the world did that mean?

André took the paper in to Père Gaspard, who was working at his forge. The old man read the paper and then looked at André with a grim smile.

“ Well,” he said, “ it may as well be now as later, if it must be.”

“ What may be? What does that mean, as it was with the older? ”

Père Gaspard put his arm around André's shoulders.

“ My boy, the Count Duclair is a hard man. He planned to do your brother harm, so we had to send him away out of France. He was the older. You are the other. You must also go, and soon.”

“ Where is my brother? ”

“ I do not know. I sent him away with a good man who is captain of a ship. For two years I have heard



nothing. I hope he is alive and well, but I know nothing for sure."

"Why did Count Duclair wish to do him harm?" André looked up eagerly at Père Gaspard.

"I may not tell you all that now. I had hoped to keep you out of his sight, here in this quiet little street; but that was too much to hope. When you won your race I knew that harm would come. That is why I wished them to leave you in peace."

"Ah," replied André. "Now I know why the Count looked at me the way he did. He made me afraid."

Outside it was growing dark. Père Gaspard went to a little desk, and wrote for a minute. Then he folded the paper and fastened it with wax, that he melted over the candle.

"Run with this to the Crown of France, my boy. If Monsieur

Champlain is there, give it to him. If he is not there, bring it back."

As soon as André had gone, Père Gaspard gave the clerks, who helped in the shop, each a piece of money.

"I shall have guests tonight, my boys," he said, "and you can eat a good dinner where you choose. Only do not be too late. Be home by ten."

The clerks were hardly out of the street when he heard voices, and Monsieur Champlain came into the shop, followed by André.

"I met him in the Market Place, where Joan of Arc was burned," cried the boy.

They sat beside the smooth oak table, and talked together.

"Monsieur," said Père Gaspard. "It is as I feared. This boy is no longer safe in Rouen. He must go away out of France."



“He must go away”



“ And would you like to have him sail with me on my ship, to New France, across the ocean? ”

“ Yes, if you are willing.”

“ Certainly. I should be very glad. You say he can read and write, that he knows medicines and herbs, and many useful things.”

“ Yes, he has studied well. He is still young, you know that, but he has learned much. He is a clever boy.”

As André sat there and listened, he could hardly believe his ears. He must be dreaming. Was he to sail far away in a wonderful ship to America? How often he had stood at the bridge and watched them sail. How deeply he had longed to be one of those lucky ones to go and see the wonderful lands far away. He wanted to speak, to shout; but he kept silent.

"When do you sail?" asked the Apothecary.

"The *Gift of God* is at Honfleur. We shall row down the River Seine in a big boat with the tide tomorrow evening, and sail west the next day for New France."

"Ah, that is all the better. He will be ready. Can we put his chest on the big boat here?"

"Certainly. Besides, he can buy a few cheap knives and some cloth, and we will let him trade with the Indians for furs. He can earn much in that way."

Père Gaspard turned to André. "You would not refuse to make such a voyage, for my sake, I am sure," he said.

As the light fell on the boy's face, his eyes glowed. His mouth was partly open. He was a picture of joy.

“Oh, no. I should not refuse, Père Gaspard. I will gladly go.”

“Very well,” laughed Monsieur. “If you feel sure you can make up your mind to such a sudden change, all is settled. Père Gaspard will know what to put in your chest. Plenty of warm shirts and stockings, Père Gaspard. As for coats and hats and boots, the boy can make his own from warm furs, when winter comes, or buy them from the Indians.”

As soon as Monsieur Champlain had gone, the Apothecary went to the secret room and brought out a little black box. This he opened with a tiny brass key that he took from the bunch he always carried at his waist.

“André, my boy, here is an ear ring that I want you to wear always. Tonight I shall put it on for you, and no one can ever take it off unless

he has the right tools, and knows how to use them."

As he spoke, he took from a little blue box an ear ring. It was made like a leaf of clover. Three rubies formed the three petals of the clover leaf, and the stem was of gold.

"I had a pair of these, André. They belonged to your father. When your brother Robert went away, I fastened one in his left ear. Wherever in the world you see that ear ring, you will know your brother Robert is the one who wears it—unless some stronger man has—"

"I know what you would say," cried André, as the old man stopped, "but that will never be true. No one could do him harm and take it from him. He is too strong, and too brave. Did not Master Brook say he was his best pupil in single-stick?"



“ Yes, yes, to be sure,” replied Père Gaspard with a smile. “ Yes, have it as you will, you will know your brother when you see that ear ring, and he will also know you; so come here, my boy, and stand still like the true soldier you are.”

The old man took a large needle from a case, held it in a pair of pincers, and thrust it into the bright coals of the furnace. In a minute it was red hot.

André felt faint as he saw the Apothecary take the red hot needle, and wipe it on a cloth, as he held his ear in the left hand.

Then it was done. He heard the sizzle, and felt a sharp pain, as the needle went through his ear; but it was not half so sharp as he had expected. He drew a deep breath.

“There, that wasn’t so bad, eh? The heat will purify the wound and make it heal, with little pain.”

Père Gaspard took some salve from a small tin box, and rubbed both the ear and the ear ring in the salve. Then he put the ring through André’s left ear and carefully fastened it behind.

“There you are, my boy. The pain will soon be gone, and if ever you meet Robert in your travels, that jewel will tell him he has found his little brother.”

Père Gaspard went to the secret room, and brought out a chest, covered with brown leather that was fastened on with brass nails. For an hour they worked together, packing away the clothing that André would need for his journey.

“Now, my boy, it is time for you

to sleep. Tomorrow we will finish our work. I shall spend some of your crowns for knives, and hooks to fish with, and bright cloth, that the Indians want."

That night André could hear the old man moving about in the lower room, while he lay in bed thinking of his wonderful voyage.

"How good and kind he is," he said to himself. Then a question came to his mind that had come before, many times, but not sharply, as it did now.

"Who is Père Gaspard? He is not my father. I know that. He never speaks much of our family, but he knows so much about us that I am sure he is a relative. Perhaps he is my grandfather. No, I guess not."

As he asked himself all these questions André fell asleep at last.

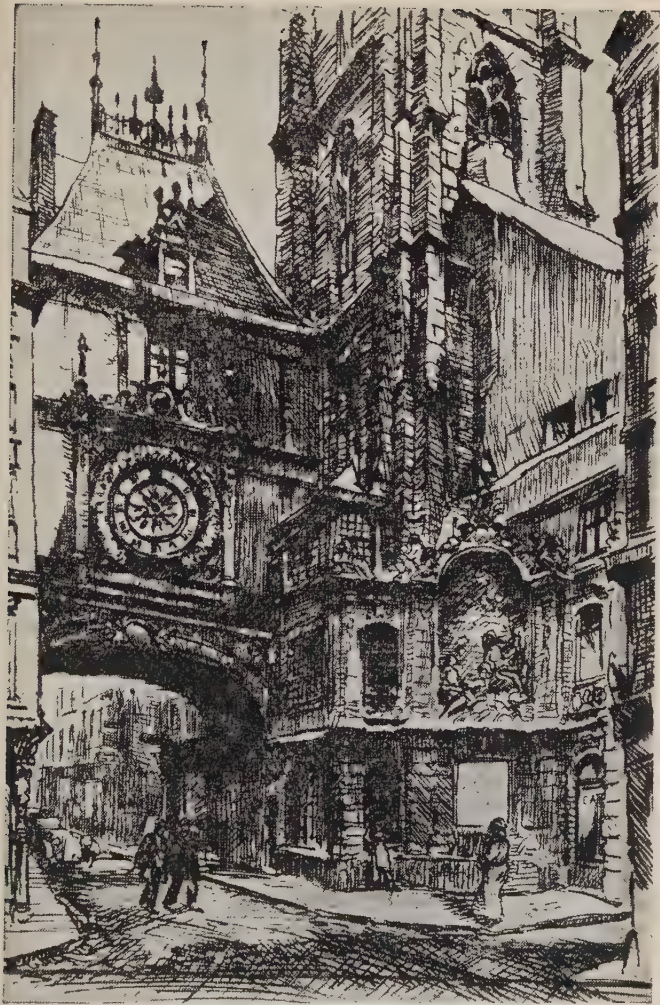
## CHAPTER VII

### TO AN UNKNOWN LAND

The next day was warm and clear. Summer had almost come. The sun shone brightly into André's room, and made him open his eyes.

Quickly he jumped up and ran to the window. There was the high garden wall, with its great blocks of stone. Up the green hill he could look, beyond houses and gardens and apple trees, as far as the gray stone tower where Joan of Arc was kept in prison.

He thought once more, while he dressed, how she had led the French armies on to victory against the English armies, and was betrayed at



Off to the Street of the Great Clock



last by her own people, to be burned in the Market Place.

But other thoughts drove Joan of Arc from André's mind. This was his last day in Rouen. He ran down the narrow stairs to the big room below, where Marie had his chocolate and rolls on the oak table.

"What errands this morning, Père Gaspard?" called André, when he had finished his chocolate.

"No errands today, my son. One last lesson this morning from Master Brook, and this afternoon we must talk of many things. The boys in the shop can crawl on the errands, for no one will run on errands while you are gone, I promise you.

"Now I must be off to the Street of the Great Clock, to buy goods for trading with the Indians."

The fencing lesson was over, and

Master Brook was saying farewell, when Père Gaspard returned, followed by a strong boy loaded with bundles.

“Au revoir, my lad,” said Master Brook. “Remember, now, the thrust and the leg blow, and you will be safe against most men. Au revoir, and my blessing go with you.”

Then Père Gaspard opened the bundles. “Here are the hooks for fishing, and lines, new lines of linen, that will hold a small whale. Here are knives that will make an Indian whoop for joy, and will bring you fine furs. Here is red cloth and blue cloth. A chief with a yard of this will be as proud as a robin with a five-inch worm.”

All these goods were packed in the chest, and André wrote out a full list to help him remember just what he had for trading.



The afternoon was filled with a hundred things to be done. Monsieur Champlain was coming early to have dinner, and take André with him to the boat. His going was a secret in Rouen. No one knew but Master Brook, and Monsieur Champlain.

Late that afternoon Père Gaspard took André into the secret room, and shut the door.

“My boy,” he said, “I shall not see you for a long time. It may be never. Who knows? I must tell you now what I can, to help you in your journey, and when you return, if I am not here to greet you.”

As he spoke the old man took a vest, made of soft brown wool, and had André lay off his coat, so he could fit on the vest. It was sewed across with many rows of thread, that made it look like a quilt.

“What makes it so heavy, Père Gaspard?”

The Apothecary smiled. “In that vest are fifty golden crowns,” he replied with a smile. “They are all sewed in, so that if you wish to get one you need only rip out a thread with your knife.

“Never take it off except when you bathe. In that vest your money will be safe. No one can steal it while you sleep.

“The wool will keep you warm, and will not be too heavy even on summer days. Besides that, I have placed the coins so they will guard your breast from knives and arrows, if you are attacked.”

“Oh,” said André, feeling the soft wool, “this is wonderful!”

The old man drew from a pocket inside the vest a thin notebook, with

a leather cover. In this book was a letter, sealed with sealing wax, in strong white paper.

“This letter, André, will tell you what you must do if I am not here when you return. Come to the house only in the dark. If the boat returns in the daytime, wait until dark before you go on shore. Then come straight here to the house. If I am not here when you return, open the letter, and that will tell you what to do.”

“But you will be here,” cried André. “I shall return in a year or two. You will not die. Nothing can happen to you before I return.”

“Perhaps not. Who knows? But I may have to leave Rouen also. The Count Duclair is a bitter man, with great power. Ah, well. We shall see. Guard your letter. Keep it buttoned inside the pocket of your vest.

“And now, my boy, there is not much more to say. Remember what I have told you about your health. Drink little wine and much fresh water. I must not find fault with those who give me a living; but you will notice that most of those who buy my pills and powders are those who drink much wine.”

“That is true,” laughed André.

“One terrible disease I have told you about is scurvy. No man knows the cure for that; but I have advised Monsieur Champlain how to avoid it, and he has suffered little, while others have died all about him.”

“I have learned the rules, and am sure I shall not forget them,” said André. “I must eat fresh meat and fish, and not eat salt food unless I starve. I must eat every green thing that I can get, even the tender buds

and bark of trees, whose names you have written down in my book.”

“Yes, André. It is in the winter that the scurvy comes, when men eat much salt meat. In summer, when fruits and green things are found, no one has the scurvy. Monsieur Champlain will take many onions, and much wheat. Eat food like that. You may be hungry; you may be thin as a crow; but you will live.”

Steps were heard outside. Monsieur Champlain had come, and they went out to eat their last meal together.

“I shall make a fine trip to Honfleur, Père Gaspard,” cried the sailor. “The tide will run out strong, and the wind is steady from the south, so I can spread a little sail on my boat.

“Have you a bed you can spare? I shall let André sleep on the floor

of my cabin, and if he has a bed, he can sleep quite at his ease."

"You may take the bed from the bed-stead in your own room, André. That is of good feathers. I will send it to the wharf with the chest."

"Ah, with that beneath him, he can sleep like a cat on a warm roof. Is everything ready?"

"Yes, Monsieur, all is ready. We thank you a thousand times for your kindness. We shall not forget."

"'Tis I who should be grateful; to have a young doctor along, who can give us medicine, and help me with my maps and my writing. That is something worth while."

"He will do what he can, I am sure. And so, André my boy, au revoir, au revoir. May the good Lord bless you."

The shadows were falling, as André



The men were all there





followed Monsieur Champlain down the narrow street. Above them the lofty tower of Saint Owen's Church raised its crown softly against the evening sky.

"Never in the world will you see a more lovely tower than that, my boy," said Monsieur Champlain. "But come with me a moment."

They turned to the left, and in a moment they stood before the great Cathedral of Rouen. Entering by a small wooden door at the side, Monsieur Champlain led André to the chapel of the Holy Virgin, and there they knelt in prayer.

"The good Lord has guided me safely through many perils," he said, as they went out, "and I am sure He will be with us on this voyage also, if we do not forget to thank Him, and ask His help."

They went down along the Street of the Great Clock, and walked beneath it as the great bell above them struck the hour of seven. Many other bells answered, for Rouen was proud of her churches and her bells.

The mists had begun to gather on the River Seine as they arrived, and the men were all there, in their big boat, ready to push off.

André took one long last look at the towers of the great cathedral, the green hills that rose behind it, and the houses by the shore, where he had won his race. Then the boat moved down the stream, the mists of evening shut him in, and he had started on his wonderful voyage to an unknown land.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A DEAD CITY

André proved to be a good sailor. He was sick for a day or two, when the bark first met the ocean waves, but soon got well. After that he stood the wildest storms.

His chief work was to act as clerk and attendant for Monsieur Champlain; but André was eager to learn and to help. He climbed the shrouds, and learned to hang onto the yards, while he pulled in or let out the sails like a true sailor.

Always, when he had an hour to spare, André would ask the old sailors to show him how to tie knots in rope, to mend and make nets, and

the other tricks of their trade. This they were glad enough to do, for the boy repaid them in a hundred ways. He made hot soups, and helped the Doctor in caring for them when they were ill. He was always ready to lend a hand with the hard work in stormy weather, which made it much easier for them.

There were several men on board who used the sword and single-stick with great skill, so André had plenty of practice. He also practiced in shooting a musket, when the soldiers fired at bottles out in the water.

Monsieur Champlain proved easily the best in both fencing and shooting. He was strong as an oak; and nimble as a boy, in spite of his heavy frame.

But of all his hours at sea, the happiest were those he spent working with Monsieur Champlain, helping

him to copy maps, or to write out the notes and stories of his adventures.

When the sea was too rough for writing, Monsieur Champlain would sit on the high deck at the stern, where the rail was hung with canvas to protect them from the wind or spray. There he would tell his adventures, and teach the boy what he learned in the years he had traveled to the new world across the water.

One afternoon, as they sat in the warm sun, a sailor below them was lifting a small barrel of salt to the deck. Looking down, André saw the word BROUAGE printed on the side of the barrel.

“What does that mean?” he asked. “See, it says Brouage on that salt barrel down there.”

Monsieur Champlain looked down at the barrel, and then off across

the blue waves. His look of happy content changed, and his face was sad, as he heard the question.

“Brouage, my boy, is the name of a city. It is by the sea, on the western coast of France.”

“Does salt come from Brouage?”

“Yes, it is the purest salt in the world. Let me tell you about it.” The face of Monsieur Champlain grew brighter.

“Around Brouage the marsh lies flat and level. The ground is pure clay. For a large space they have taken up the sod and dug away the earth, making broad shallow basins, just like a shallow baking pan, thirty feet long.

“When the earth and sand were cleared away, leaving the blue clay, they led mules and horses back and forth, back and forth. Men and

women and children also helped to tread it down, until the clay was hard as brass, and smooth as a floor."

"Did it take a very long time?" asked André.

"No. When all joined feet, and kept at work, a flat was done in a few hours. Then a ditch was dug, and sea water ran in to fill the flat.

"In the warm summer sun the water soon evaporates, and leaves the pure salt on the clay floor, where they can sweep it up and sell it. People come to Brouage from all parts of the world to buy salt."

"Oh, then the people of Brouage must all be growing rich," cried André. "But how do you know all this? Have you been there?"

Monsieur Champlain looked off across the tossing sea, and the shadow again came over his face.

“ Yes, my friend, I have been there. I was born in Brouage. It was my home, and we all hoped to be rich and happy there. Now that can never be.”

“ Why is that, Monsieur? What has happened there in Brouage? ”

The man looked down with a grave smile, as if the barrel of salt were a friend he had known.

“ My city of Brouage is slowly dying, André. You have heard of men who were killed by those who hated them. Now I can tell you of a city that has been killed in the same way.”

André looked up in surprise.

“ Twenty years ago there was war in western France. The people who lived in La Rochelle, thirty miles away, hated us because Brouage was growing large and rich. They attacked us, and tried to capture our





The old wall, Brouage



city; but our walls were strong, and our people were brave. We drove them off."

"Ah," cried André, "that was good, Monsieur."

"Yes, that was good so far as it went. But then the people of La Rochelle went home and gathered twenty one ships, old ships that they could spare. These ships were loaded full of stones. One dark, foggy night they sailed them to the river that leads from the ocean to Brouage, and sank them there."

"Oh," cried André, starting up, "that was terrible. Could you not get them up again?"

"How we worked! How we tried! It was no use, André. We raised five little ships; but the large ones will not move. Just think, André. For a hundred years fishermen have been

sailing over this broad ocean to Canada for the great fish in those waters. For years and years they have come to Brouage for our salt to salt their fish, because it is so pure. All the world wished to buy it."

"Does that stop all ships from going to Brouage?"

"No, not yet. Ships can still get in and out at the right tide; but tides there are swift. The sand is fast filling in all about the sunken ships. Soon the river will be blocked, and the trade of Brouage will be gone. She has no fertile fields, no broad pastures. Without her trade by sea, my Brouage must die."

Monsieur Champlain rose, and stood looking sadly across the waves, that were growing higher with the rising wind. André heard the Captain order the topsails to be

lowered, so he sprang up with the older sailors, to help in the work.

#### AUTHOR'S NOTE

The sad fears of Monsieur Champlain were all too true. When we went to France, in 1929, they said at the ticket office in Paris that there was no such place as Brouage. We could not find it on any map; but we knew about where it was, so at last we got there. We went to Rochefort, and then drove out twelve miles, along a narrow sea road, across a little ferry, to the ruins of what once was a rich city.

The harbor is wholly blocked. A handful of poor people still live in the ruins, and escape starving by getting oysters and fish along the shore.

There is another story that we must tell here.

About forty years after they had ruined the harbor of Brouage, the people of La Rochelle dared to defy the king of France, and war was declared against them.

The armies of the King attacked La Rochelle; but her walls, like those of Brouage, were strong defenses. They could not be broken down.

The King's general remembered what had been done to Brouage. He sent his soldiers to build a dike across the harbor entrance to La Rochelle, so that not even a little ship could enter.

It was a terrible blow. Starving at last, the people of La Rochelle had to give up their city to the King.

The dike across her harbor nearly caused the death of La Rochelle also;

but she struggled on, and after more than two hundred and fifty years, in 1890, a new harbor was built, and she could start again to enjoy the profits of ocean trade.

## CHAPTER IX

### STORIES ON DECK

“Come, André my lad, this is a quiet day. Let us sit in the sun and work on our maps. You must learn to make maps and charts with those clever fingers of yours.

“Here is the first map I made of the great river, St. Lawrence, that flows down from Canada.” Monsieur Champlain unrolled a large sheet of paper, and laid it out on the deck.

“Is this the river our sailors tell about, that leads through to China?” asked André, bending over the map.

“Yes, but no one knows if it leads to China. I fear not. Cartier, who used to land often in Rouen, went





Tadousac and the mouth of the Saguenay



up this river many miles over fifty years ago, before 1550, and he said they came to rapids that stopped their progress. Cartier was a brave man and a great traveler. If there had been a road to China by the St. Lawrence River, he would have found it for France I am sure."

"How grand it would be," cried André, "if we could find the road to China by this route, and sail home with a load of silks and spices."

Monsieur Champlain laughed. "It would be grand indeed; but let me tell you that a good load of furs will make us great profits, and the honor of finding new lands is worth more still.

"Here on this map you can see where I went in my first trip to Canada, five years ago, in 1603. I landed at Tadousac. Then I sailed up

the Saguenay River to the north. We still have hopes that we may find a route to China that way, for the Indians all told me of a great salt sea that is found by going up the Saguenay many miles."

André followed his finger over the chart with eager eyes.

"This River Saguenay is so deep that I could not even touch the bottom with a heavy sinker. There we found wild ducks and geese to eat, and fish of the best, salmon, trout, and bass, with other good fish.

"From Tadousac we then went far up the St. Lawrence to a spot that we call Mount Royal, where Cartier saw a large Indian village. We found the mountain by the shore, but the Indian village was not there."

"Where had the Indians gone?" asked André.

“Who knows? Maybe the Indians had died of the scurvy. Maybe they had been killed by their enemies. Perhaps they had moved away to the west, where hunting was better. I found no trace of them.”

“Does this line on the map tell that you came down the St. Lawrence River again from there?”

“Yes, the season was getting late, so we came down the St. Lawrence. We stopped at Gaspé, here on the southern shore, though the Indians told us terrible tales of the place. They said a Gougou lived there, a horrible monster, who would eat us.”

“Did you see the Gougou? What did it look like?”

“No, André. We didn’t see it; but the Indians said their chiefs and medicine men had seen it. The Gougou, they said, is so tall that the

mast of our ship would not reach its waist. It must have been off hunting in the low mountains, or in the valleys that run back from the river.

“We’ll have to send you out with your stout single-stick to slay this Gougou, when we stop there next time,” he laughed. “Then you can become famous, like Hercules.”

“Perhaps I had better use the musket I am learning to shoot. Do you really suppose there is any such thing?” asked André. “I have heard the sailors tell of the Gougou. Some of them believe it.”

“No, I fear we shall never see the Gougou, my boy; but the land about Gaspé is so bleak and barren that I don’t wonder they wish to keep away. I’ll train you to shoot a musket just the same, for even if you don’t find a Gougou, you may meet some smaller

enemies that would gladly eat you. The bears in Canada grow big as oxen, and hungry as Norman fleas."

As Monsieur Champlain reached out to roll up the chart, André saw a red scar that ran up his left arm, beneath his sleeve.

"Monsieur," he said, "would you tell me how you got this scar on your hand? "

Monsieur Champlain looked down at the red scar. "That was on the next trip," he replied. "Let us see. This chart will show us, I think."

He unrolled another big map, and spread it on the deck.

"Yes, this shows where we went the next year. We wanted to get from the King the sole rights for trading, and settling colonies here in Canada, because it costs much money to make a journey like this, and we

have to pay for it as well as we can by trading with the Indians.

“ It was a hard task that winter to get the sole rights; but we won out at last, and set sail in April, four years ago, in 1604.

“ That time we did not sail up the St. Lawrence, for the winters there are bitter cold. We went along south of Newfoundland until we came to the coast of Acadia. We sailed around that coast, while I made these maps of the harbors and the shore.

“ Then we found a little island at the mouth of the St. Croix River. It was a very small island, quite near the shore; but it had plenty of oak, pine and birch trees; so we decided to build our houses there for the winter of 1604.

“ When our houses were built, I took a small boat with a dozen men





*Kindness of Geo. B. Dorr*

## Mount Desert

Visited several times by Champlain



and went along this shore, to make maps and see the land."

Monsieur Champlain pointed along the chart with his finger.

"The Indians were friendly, and we found fish and clams along the shore, so we had a pleasant trip. Right here, just by this bay and river, I found an island. It was covered with mountains, quite bare and bleak. We named it Mount Desert."

"Was there nothing there on the mountain?" asked André.

"Yes, there was a spring of pure water close by the sea. The salt water covers this spring at high tide, but when the tide goes out the spring is still there, as fresh and sweet as ever. The upper slopes of the mountains had been covered with most delicious blueberries, and many were still left.

“ We went on, down the coast, until we came to another river. The Indians called it the Kennebec.” He pointed with his finger again. “ There we picked many grapes, and gave the Indians some knives and beads. They were very friendly, and told us about their life. In summer they have plenty; but starve most of the winter, because they lay up little food for cold weather.

“ But the season was getting late now. Cold days were coming, so we sailed back to our houses in St. Croix for the winter. And such a winter!”

Monsieur Champlain looked off over the rail and shivered.

“ Was it very cold? ”

“ Cold? You never dreamed of such cold. The whole world froze solid. Great cakes of ice stopped us from crossing the river to get water.

and there was no spring on our island. The cider froze and burst our casks. The food froze. It is a wonder we did not freeze ourselves, for our houses were made of green boards, that did not fit well, and let in the wind.

“This became worse still when most of us were too ill to cut what little wood we had on our island. It was the scurvy, the scurvy, my boy. Père Gaspard has told you, I know, of this terrible scurvy.

“Our fresh food was frozen and spoiled. The men could not hunt nor fish; but lay about and ate salt meat and vegetables, until most of them were dying with that terrible scurvy. Of seventy nine men, André, thirty five died.”

“Were you ill, Monsieur? ”

“No, Père Gaspard had warned

me to eat little salt meat, so I tried to get on with wheat, and what bread we could bake. I was very weak, but I did not take the scurvy.

“We were glad enough when the summer winds unlocked the doors of winter, on our icy island, and set us free. We decided never to pass another winter on the Island of St. Croix, where we had suffered so.”

Clouds were gathering in the west, where storms arose most often, on the restless Atlantic.

“Go up, my boys, and make sure that every sail is firm and well tied,” called the Captain. “We shall have a wind to cool our soup.”

“But, the wound on your hand, Monsieur,” said André, as he sprang up to help with the sails.

“That will be there tomorrow, just the same,” laughed Monsieur

Champlain. "The story can wait another day, and so must you."

He gathered up the maps, and hastened to his cabin. Hardly was he inside, when a gust of wind struck the ship and dashed spray across the upper deck.

The sailors raced up the mast and out onto the yards, taking in sail and making all snug for a storm. One of the older sailors was climbing to the topyard, when André, going up like a monkey, passed him.

"I'll go out to the end, Gaston," he cried. "Let me do it. Never fear, I'll make it tight."

"Aye," called the sailor, in the teeth of the wind, "but hold hard. You'll be Captain yet."

Glad enough to stay on the strong part of the yard, he watched while André pulled in the loose sail and

fastened every rope with a square knot, holding on with his legs and elbows. The ship leaned far over on her side; the salt water hissed and curled beneath him; but he kept on with his work like a true sailor.

André had come down from the mast, and was walking along the rail, when he saw a great wave rising before the ship. It would certainly break over the spot where he stood, so he turned and dove through the door that led to the sailors' cabin.

He heard the wave break, and wash across the deck. Then he looked up and saw, in the dim light, a locksmith named Jean Duval, who seemed about to strike him. Another smith, named Natel, stood by.

"No, no, Jean," said Natel. "He heard nothing. Be quiet."

Jean Duval lowered his hand, and



he smiled. "Of course," he said. "You came in so suddenly, boy, you frightened me."

"Oh, pardon me," said André, as he went out.

On deck everything was tied and made fast, while the ship danced over the rising waves like a leaf on a mountain stream. As André went into his own cabin, he heard a roar of voices. Men were laughing and calling, below him on the deck. The great soup kettle in the cook's cabin had upset. No soup for supper. Well then, they could have biscuit and meat, with cheese for dessert.

When he drank, he had to make sure that his cup and the ship went in the same way, or the water would go down his neck.

There was little comfort for anyone, and danger for all; but they

were now hardened to the sea and its storms, so they made a joke of it, and watched the waves rush by, until at last the wind fell, the sea grew calmer, and they could go to sleep.

“I wonder,” said André, as he lay on his bed, waiting for the Sandman, “what Jean Duval was talking about. He looked angry enough to eat me.”

But after the storm his deep slumber was full of dreams, and when he woke the matter had gone from his mind.

## CHAPTER X

### THE LOST KETTLE

“Do not forget, Monsieur, that you promised to tell me how you got that scar on your hand,” said André, a day or two later, when the sun shone warm and bright again.

“True enough, true enough. Well, run down and fetch the charts so I can show you the coast.

“Now here,” Monsieur Champlain began, when the chart was spread out on the sunny deck, “is the Island of St. Croix again, where we spent the terrible winter of 1604. In June of the next year, 1605, three years ago, we took a bark large enough to hold

about thirty men, and started south again, to explore the coast.

“We passed Mount Desert, and before long we came to an island where the Indians had wonderful grape vines and nut trees. The grapes were not ripe, of course, but there were plenty of nuts left from the year before beneath the trees, and those were good.

“The Indians about here had no furs to trade with us, as they never kept more furs than were needed for clothing. They brought us small squashes and beans and tobacco, to trade for knives and beads.”

“Some of the sailors say they can smoke that tobacco in pipes, and they say the Indians all smoke it,” said André. “Is that true?”

“Yes, the Indians do. I tried it myself; but it tastes as hot as pepper



*Drawn by Champlain*

## Saco River, Maine

At B. is a large fort. Cabins and plots of corn are scattered over the level coast land



in your mouth. The Indians think it keeps sickness away.

“The savages here grow corn in wide fields, and dig up the ground with spades made of hard wood. I must tell you of the red currants that grew so thick as to make all the fields red with their bright color. Thousands of wild pigeons came to feed on them, and we in turn fed on the pigeons, much to our pleasure.

“Now, André, as we follow around the shore, we come to a cape, and then to a great bay. The Indians here are called the Massachusetts tribe. We sailed all about this bay until we came to the southern side of the entrance, a long sandy point. That is where I had my wound.

“You must remember that these Indians had no pots of brass or iron, and only a very few knives and

hatchets. They longed for these things so much that they would do anything to get them. They would trade bows and arrows, and any food they had, and also prisoners taken from other tribes. We bought these and set them free.

“Some of our sailors went ashore here to get water from a spring. The Indians, who wished greatly for a kettle, watched them as they went to the spring, and when the first man came to dip his kettle, they grabbed it away from him and ran into the woods, yelling to frighten him.

“The foolish sailor ran after them, trying to get his kettle back; but he might as well have chased a lot of wild horses.

“The other sailors ran back to the shore, crying to us for help, while several Indians who were on the ship





Drawn by Champlain

Plymouth Harbor



jumped into the water and swam for shore, all except one, that we bound with ropes and held prisoner

“When the Indians on shore saw those on the boat jump safely into the water, they ran at the sailor who had lost his kettle, and shot him with their arrows. So then we took out our muskets, and fired from the boat, to frighten the rest of the Indians. My musket burst in my hands, and that is how I got the scar, my lad.”

“Yes, I see,” said André, “but what was the end of the story?”

“We lost our kettle, and we lost our sailor, poor fellow. We buried him on the sandy shore. You must remember that he was the first white man to be buried in the land about that great bay.”

“What did you do with the Indian you had caught?”

“ We let the poor fellow go. He knew nothing, you may be sure, of the plan to steal the kettle, or he would not have come on board the ship at that time.

“ We wanted to go on toward the south, to explore the coast of Florida, which is a great region stretching south from the bay we discovered; but it was now nearly August. Our provisions were getting low, and the weather was bad; so we returned to St. Croix to find a better place for the coming winter.

“ Crossing a bay, about sixty miles wide, we found a spot well suited to us. There was a good harbor where a river came down, wide fields, rich forests, and many brooks, all bringing us the purest water. This new home we called Port Royal.

“ Ah, André, I think I never had a

happier time than the fall of 1605. We took the boards and frames from the houses in St. Croix, and easily built new ones, better and warmer, at Port Royal.

“ We made gardens on the meadows by the shore. I dug my garden by some fine trees, and cut a trench all about it, so that a brook could run there. Then I caught many trout to put in my brook, ready at all times when I was hungry for a fish.”

“ Will there be trout where we are going? ” asked André eagerly.

“ My boy, if you take joy in fishing, then you are going to Heaven indeed; for you will find trout and salmon, great ones such as you have never seen, and bass and pike, with many others, that I cannot name.

“ By the shore at Port Royal I made a pool of salt water, to hold

fish from the bay, so we could change to cod and mackerel when we wished. Under the trees I built a little summer house. There I could sit by my garden in the shade, and little birds came all about to sing me songs of welcome. They seemed much pleased to have us come and live with them in their forest home.

“Here we spent the winter. It was warmer than the last one, and we did not suffer so much from cold and scurvy, though some men died. Unhappily the rain, which we did not expect, ran into our dwellings, and made the floors wet. We still had much to learn about building.

“Early in March, 1606, we fitted out a bark, so we might sail south again and explore the coast of Florida, for I wished beyond all things to see what all that land might be like.

“ We had, by bad luck, a captain to sail the vessel, named Champdoré. He was a good carpenter, but a very stubborn man and a poor sailor, who could not be trusted.

“ We were well started on our trip, when he anchored in a dangerous place. The south wind came in the night, and we were blown on shore, escaping death by God’s mercy.

“ The vessel was not hurt beyond repair, and Champdoré mended her very cleverly. Then we started out again; but this time Champdoré tried to sail out of the harbor in a thick fog, with wind and rain. We were driven on the rocks; but again the Lord watched over us, and we were not lost in the waves.

“ With the help of some Indians, who came to us in canoes, we saved ourselves, and part of our provisions,

praising God for that, though our bark was smashed to pieces."

"Why didn't you get another captain?" asked André. "Was there no one better?"

"That is just what we did do, André. The sailors declared that Champdoré was to blame for the wreck, so he was put in irons, and locked in the ship's prison.

"We had been expecting a ship from France with provisions; but she did not come, and we started in a small bark for Cape Breton. Then a terrible wind rose, that broke our rudder chains, so we could not steer.

"This time in the fury of the storm we gave ourselves up for lost. One sailor said that if we let long ropes over the stern it would help. We tried this, but it did no good. The rocky shore drew nearer, and



we could see the waves waiting to swallow us, and make an end of it.

“At last Champdoré told a sailor that he could mend the rudder, if we took the irons off his hands.

“When we heard this, we set him free at once. True to his word he took a rope, at great risk to himself, and fastened the rudder with it in such a skillful manner that it would steer the ship as well as ever.

“In gratitude for our escape, we decided to set him free again, and forgive him the trouble he had caused us before.

“We sailed on our way, and soon learned that the ship we had expected was already almost to Port Royal. So we turned about and hastened back, to find our ship with her supplies in the harbor ahead of us.”

## CHAPTER XI

### THE INDIAN ATTACK

While Monsieur Champlain had been telling the adventures at Port Royal, the wind had gradually died away, and the ship lay motionless on a quiet sea, under a warm sun.

“Captain,” called out Monsieur Champlain, “we are now on the Grand Banks, of Newfoundland, are we not?”

“Yes,” replied the Captain. “We shall see the shore of Newfoundland in a day or two, if we have a fair wind to drive us.”

“But shall we not let down a few lines, and catch us some fresh fish for dinner, while it is so calm?”

“As you wish, Monsieur. The crew would be thankful for a good dish of fresh fish, I promise you.”

“Run, André, to the cook, and tell him to give you a piece of salt fish for bait. I have some lines.”

Several others joined them at the rail, and soon the lines were hissing down into the green water. Such fishing and such fish André had never dreamed of. Hardly were the lines paid out when there was a tug, and soon a great cod or haddock, cold as ice, came flopping to the deck.

“Ah, my friends. We shall have a real feast now,” cried the Captain, as he looked down from the high deck, and saw a big tub already full of delicious fresh fish.

“Yes, and just in time,” replied Monsieur Champlain. “I see a breeze from the south to drive us along.”

Soon the flapping sails grew tight, and they wound up their lines again.

“Carry these fish to Monsieur the cook with our best regards,” said Monsieur Champlain, “and tell him I like haddock boiled in a good stew with small onions.”

The south wind held, and as the Captain had promised, they soon began to pass along the southern shores of Newfoundland.

The sea was calm enough for study, and work on the charts, so André kept at this duty much of the time.

“After you returned to Port Royal, two years ago, in 1606, you did go to explore the coast of Florida, did you not?” he asked, one afternoon, when the Newfoundland shore had faded in the distance.

“Yes, we did the best we could, though we had no time to get as far



*Drawn by Champlain*

## Gloucester Harbor

Champlain studied this spot, that he called "Beautiful Harbor," with much interest and care. Many Indians, who led a quiet, agricultural life, lived here



south as Florida. We put supplies on our bark with all speed, and started out, for it was already September.

“Here is a true tale of Indians that will make you smile, André,” Monsieur Champlain went on, looking westward over the blue water. “A chief named Messamoet, who lived at St. Croix, asked to go with us beyond Mount Desert, to make friends with the Indians there.

“We were willing, so Messamoet and his friends took gifts to exchange with the Indians south of Mount Desert. In this way they planned to end all wars between them, and live in peace forever.

“Those Indians were glad to see them, and danced to show their joy. Messamoet then gave them some hatchets and kettles and knives, that were greatly prized in the south;

for this tribe of Indians had never traded with the French.

“Unhappily the strangers had no such gifts to exchange, so they brought Messamoet squashes, corn, and beans. At this, Messamoet and his friends were angry; for Indians always expect in return even more than they give, when presents are exchanged, and he did not care for corn and beans.

“Thus it ended in a sad state, for Messamoet went back to St. Croix in great anger, full of plans for making war on his poor neighbors, because they had not returned gifts of proper value, for their knives and kettles.”

“I know some people in Rouen just like that,” laughed André. “If they bring us a little gift, Père Gaspard will smile and say, ‘I wonder what they want now.’”



Monsieur Champlain smiled until his white teeth showed, and his brown eyes were full of fun, as he traced with his fingers the coast line of their chart.

“Now that I think of it, André, I believe my great grandfather knew a man of that kind in Brouage. And after all,” he went on, quite gravely, “if we are all so much tempted to expect a fair return for what we give, how can we blame these poor savages, who have never even heard of God?”

“We hastened on, past the shores we had already seen, where fruit and nuts of harvest time supplied us well. The Indians below Mount Desert, around the great bay we had sailed before, were taking in their corn and beans and squashes, and traded with us gladly for iron tools.

“Those in the north grew few of

these, and made little provision for the winter; but these Massachusetts Indians gathered their corn and buried it in deep trenches. Over these trenches they piled leaves and corn stalks to keep out rain and frost, so they were sure of food all winter long.

“There was not much hunting here; but the fish were so plentiful that we could see them by hundreds each day from our bark; and on the shores were oysters and clams in great plenty, so no one need ever go hungry in this tribe.

“We had gone on around the cape guarding the southern point of this great bay, and found a small harbor, where we stopped a few days to mend our rudder and bake some bread.

“After a day or two, we noticed that the Indians were taking down

their houses, and hiding them in the woods. They pretended to be friendly, but this was a bad sign; and when they took away the women and children and food, we knew they planned to do us some harm.

“ We ordered everything on shore put back on the ship, and this was done, except that three men remained until evening to finish baking the bread. When evening came, two men were sent in a boat to bring them on board with their bread, and we went to bed, supposing that all were safe on board.

“ But these men had been making cakes for themselves, and all five stayed ashore, against orders, to feast on the cakes.

“ Early in the morning I was suddenly awakened by shouts, and the sound of muskets, with the most

terrible roaring of the savages on shore. The poor sailors were being shot full of arrows as they ran to the beach. In spite of all we could do, only one was saved, a locksmith named Jean Duval."

"That was a terrible punishment," said André, "but it must have made the rest more willing to obey orders."

"I wish I could believe it, my boy. In truth, men willing to sail on such wild voyages as this, are wild by nature and careless of danger. I well believe that Duval himself has long ago forgotten his fear, and would disobey again as soon as the first."

"But, Monsieur," said André, as his friend was rolling up the chart, "was that the end of the story?"

Monsieur Champlain looked into the west, where the sun was setting over the land they soon hoped to see.



*Drawn by Champlain*  
Four sailors were killed at Chatham, Mass., October, 1606.



“The rest of that story I wish to forget, my boy. I see the sailors have been telling their tales. Yes, it is true. On our way back, a few days later, we pretended we were still friends, and when they came near us we shot several of the poor Indians, for revenge.”

“But they deserved it, Monsieur. Did they not kill your men?”

“Ah, but they are poor savages, who have no religion. They worship nothing, and pray no more than the beasts. Should we, who know of God and His mercy, behave no better than they? I pray the Lord to save me from acting like that again. It may be that I shall have to fight them, for they are cruel and savage; but to betray them, or do them harm for revenge alone, would bring upon us the anger of God.

“That was the last of our travels in 1606. We turned north again from the great bay of the Massachusetts Indians, and returned to Port Royal before cold weather.

“It was the most comfortable winter we had passed, and we were growing fond of our homes; but we saw that a colony there could not prosper and live.”

“Why could it not prosper? Didn’t you say there were fish and fowl there, more than you could eat? Were there not trees of many kinds, and broad fields?” André looked at Monsieur Champlain in surprise.

“Yes, that is all true; but these things brought us little wealth. Furs were what we wanted most, and there was little fur trade about Port Royal. In the St. Lawrence the Indians came by hundreds down the rivers from the



north, with the richest furs. They were more friendly than those we found below Port Royal.

“ Besides, André, the Dutch and English had heard of our discoveries, and the Dutch had gone up into the St. Lawrence, led by a traitor of our own race, to take our furs.

“ The English claim all this land, because John Cabot sailed these waters. Five years after Columbus discovered America, John Cabot discovered the very strait we are sailing through now, and named it Cabot Strait.

“ So we decided to return and get new rights for colonies about Quebec. There I shall go, and there I hope with God’s help to plant a colony that will live for the glory of France in the new world.”

## CHAPTER XII

### THE NEW WORLD

“The land, the land! Tadousac!”

Ringling out from the bow, voices brought all on deck. A light fog on the broad river was blowing out to sea, and bright sunshine fell over bold hills that lay behind the little trading village of Tadousac, by the Saguenay River.

A loud cheer burst from every throat, for after the long voyage all were eager to be once more on solid land. The anchor was dropped, and boats were made ready.

“Come André, we will go at once and visit the Sagamore of the Indian village here. His son, Redwing, has been in France, and I am told that

the Sagamore has learned to speak some French. We can learn the news of this new world from them."

They found the Indian village close by the trading post, and Champlain was taken at once to the Sagamore. He had learned enough French to speak with his visitors; for French traders and fishermen had visited Tadousac often.

"Is your brave son Redwing here, Sagamore?" asked Champlain, when he had presented André to the chief.

"Yes, he is even now returning from the hunt. We shall have a feast." An Indian beside him ran into the woods, and soon came back followed by a young savage.

He seemed a year or two older than André, though he was not quite so tall, and his shoulders were not so broad. With his straight, round

limbs, he bounded over the forest path as lightly as a young deer.

"This is Redwing, my son," said the Sagamore.

"And this is my friend André, a young gentleman of France," replied Monsieur Champlain. "He is new to the wild woods of your land, Sagamore, and he must learn much. Could you let Redwing come with us to be his friend and teacher? I would feed him well and give him good care."

The old chief looked at André, then at Redwing. The eyes of the young brave glowed with pride; for the white chief, with his great guns, and all his tools of iron and brass, was almost a god in his eyes.

"Let it be so," said the Sagamore. "My son needs no food and needs no shelter. The forest will give him



The Feast at Tadousac



shelter and food. Let him go to be a friend and teacher for your son."

The Indian braves then gathered in the cabin of the Sagamore for a powwow, or talk.

The cabin was low, and made like an oblong tent, on poles, covered with birch bark. Along the upper ridge the top was left open for a space about a foot wide. This long opening at the top let in the light, and let out the smoke from their fires.

"They sleep on the ground here in cabins like this," said Monsieur Champlain, as they entered. "They have skins and furs to keep them warm. The dogs curl up beside them. Sometimes ten families will sleep in the same cabin."

The Sagamore made Monsieur Champlain and André sit near him on skins. Redwing took his place

beside André. The braves then sat in rows before them, until nearly a hundred crowded into the cabin.

“The smoke will hurt your eyes, André,” said Redwing, “for you are not used to it. But do not rub them. That will make it hurt more.”

André found that the smoke did hurt his eyes, and the smell of smoke and Indians and skins and dogs hurt his nose; but he sat quietly, and acted just as Redwing did.

The Sagamore gave Monsieur Champlain a pipe and some tobacco, and the Indians smoked in silence ten minutes or more. Then the old chief rose and made a long speech. He spoke very slowly. Now and then he would stop and think, as if to make certain that he should say exactly what was the right thing.

He told them that the French King



was their friend; that he should be very glad to have the French come to live in their lands, to be their friends, and help them fight the Mohawks, who were their enemies, and that he loved the French more than any other people.

Each time he stopped to think, the Indians would all shout, "Ho, ho, ho," that is to say, "Yes, yes."

When the speaking was done, they all rose and went into another cabin, larger still. Here André saw ten big kettles full of meat, each one over a small fire, just large enough to keep it boiling.

Again they all sat about in a row. Each brave had a bowl made of bark, and bowls were brought for their visitors to eat from.

"What kind of meat is that in the pots?" asked André, as Redwing sat beside him.

Redwing thought a moment, and counted on his fingers. "There is elk meat, which is like your beef. Then there is bear, seal, and beaver. Besides these there is the meat of ducks and geese and other birds."

André looked in surprise at the boiling pots. He had never seen so much meat in his life.

The dogs, smelling the stew, quickly came in and crouched beside their masters.

Now when all were seated, and the meat was still boiling in the great pots, a brave jumped up and took a small dog in his arms. With this he hopped on one foot around these kettles from one end of the cabin to the other, until he came to the Sagamore, who sat in the middle.

Before his chief he threw the dog whang on the ground. The dog ran

out, yelling, "Ow! Ow!" at the top of his voice; the Indians all cried, "Ho, ho, ho," solemn as owls; and the brave went back to his seat.

After this, others did the same, until the meat was cooked. André noticed that the dogs soon crawled back into the cabin again, in spite of their hard treatment, willing to risk their own bones for those in the pot.

Now several young braves began to serve out the boiled meat, filling each bark bowl around the circle. All blew on the steaming bowl, and thrust in their fingers for small pieces, that cooled first.

André watched Redwing, who ate like the rest, though more slowly, so the boy blew on his stew, and pulled out a piece of hot meat from the bowl with his fingers.

The long speeches had let his

hunger grow, and the meat tasted very good indeed; but in a minute his fingers were covered with grease. Looking about, he saw that the Indian braves were wiping their hands on their hair, or on the backs of their dogs, who lay beside them.

“Here,” called Redwing, snapping his fingers at a large dog with long brown hair. The dog came at once to stand between him and André. “See now, André. Wipe your hands on his sides. That will take off the grease. Then he will lap his hair, and all will be clean again.”

André wiped his hands on the dog, who greedily lapped off the grease. It made him feel a little sick to put his fingers back into the bowl again; but Redwing was eating as if this was the best way in the world, so the boy finished his meat, and drank.

the soup, throwing the bones to the dog who served as a napkin.

The braves swallowed bowl after bowl of the stew, so fast that the meat was well gone before André's first bowl was empty. But he had enough, and gazed with surprise at the great bowls of meat they swallowed. "Even Jack the Giant Killer would wonder how they do it," he said to himself.

After the feast, they danced a war dance in honor of a victory they had won over the Mohawks. Then Monsieur Champlain exchanged words of friendship once more with the Sagamore, and took André back to the ship in the harbor.

"It will all seem strange to you at first, my boy," he said, "but do not fear that you must eat as the savages do. Among the Indians about

Quebec we shall not eat in this filthy manner; though it is not wise to offend these strangers. Phee-you! My mouth still burns from that tobacco. I must help them learn decent ways of living; for I promised the King I would do all in my power to teach them religion and a better life.

“ Besides,” he added, “ we are not likely to feast with them in this way soon again.”

“ Why not, Monsieur? ”

“ They will soon scatter to hunt, and trap furs. Then winter will come, and these poor savages will have little feasting. The old Sagamore boasted that Redwing needs no food of the white man; but they often come to us in the winter, hungry as wolves, and beg the bones they now throw to the dogs. When

game is plenty they feast, but save little; when it is gone, they starve.

“Now, André,” he went on, “I will let you go up to Quebec in a canoe with Redwing. You can begin at once to learn how it is handled, for only a skillful hand can manage it, I promise you.

“Remember that Redwing is an Indian. He is a chief, and your teacher. Never hurt his feelings if you can help it. They are fond of racing. Race with him if he wishes, but never beat him. Let him win. He will pretend not to care; but they are like little children, and he will be angry if you beat him in a race; for he is the best runner of all the braves. To have a young chief who is really your friend here in the wild woods is worth much more than you know.”

## CHAPTER XIII

### QUEBEC

The next day Monsieur Champlain took André up the deep and swift Saguenay River, while Redwing stayed with his tribe to feast in honor of their victory.

Once more the river Indians told them of the great salt sea far to the north, that might lead them through to China, and the far East.

On the way, the pilot sailed close below two great cliffs, that rose straight up from the water. The evening was still, and he cried out in a loud tone. As they listened, the echo of the shout went back and forth across the water again and again,



until it died away at last like the sound of a fairy voice.

“There is no land along this river that would be good to settle on,” said their leader, “so we will go straight up to Quebec, and get settled before cold weather comes.”

As he had promised, André was allowed to go in a canoe of birch bark up river with Redwing. They did not hurry, as the ship moved slowly up the stream. Redwing was proud to be a teacher for the white boy, and glad at the thought of a winter of good food and shelter.

André was a good swimmer, but Redwing swam like the fish themselves, and showed André how to hold his arms and legs, until he learned the Indian stroke. To dry himself, Redwing took a handful of soft grass.

“Why, Redwing,” cried André,

“there is blood on the grass. Did you cut yourself?”

“No, no,” Redwing laughed. “That is red clay we rub on our skin. Indians think it makes us look much better. The French call us redskins. Our skins are not so red as they look.”

André soon learned to build a fire on the shore, with a few dry sticks, as the Indians did, and proved himself a good cook, for he had learned much in the shop of Père Gaspard, at Rouen.

Redwing cut all their wood with a light steel hatchet he had won as a prize at Tadousac. He had beaten the best runner in the tribe from the northern lakes, who thought their braves the fastest in the world. When André gave him some steel hooks and a line, to fish with, he said “Thank

you," ten times over, for this made him a rich young brave.

"Redwing will make for you a bow and arrows like his own," he said, "as soon as we get to Quebec."

With their hooks they caught trout and bass in plenty; while Redwing would creep up to the edge of the stream in the dawn with his bow, and shoot the wild fowl that swam there.

He showed André how to creep through the bushes, watching and feeling for each little dry twig, so he should be silent as a shadow.

"It is better," said Redwing, "to watch and take care. If you snap a twig, some day you may die. Those who make a noise in the forest do not come home from the hunt, when Mohawks are near."

The fourth day they saw a place where the river, which had been

several miles wide, ran between two steep banks less than a mile apart. On the right the rocky hill ran straight up, until it towered over the stream. A point of land at its base, covered with nut trees, ran with a gentle slope down to the water's edge. This was Quebec.

“Here on this point is the best place for our houses,” said Monsieur Champlain. “Cartier spent the winter up on that little river that runs beside the hill; but here we shall have plenty of wood from these wonderful trees, and the hill will shelter us from the cold winds.

“Before us will be a deep, quiet harbor; and a few cannon on that great rock will protect our little city against the world.

“Now, André, work begins. I will make you and Redwing hunters and

fishers for our camp. Fresh meat and fresh fish we must have, and you must find it. I did not teach you to shoot a musket just for fun. I know you would rather saw boards, but duty is duty."

Monsieur Champlain's brown eyes flashed merrily as he spoke, and André tried to hide the happy smile on his face, as he said, "Very well, sir."

So while the men chopped and sawed and hammered, André and Redwing went in search of game. At first André took his musket; but the gun made such a noise when he fired at one bird, that the rest flew away; while deer and elk became scarce.

"André learn to shoot with a bow," said Redwing. "Then we make no sound, and get much game."

André took the bow and arrows Redwing made for him, and though

he always envied Redwing, who could hit a goose on the wing, he learned so well that soon he could shoot ducks and geese as they swam, and deer became an easy mark.

Often they went far up the small river behind Quebec, and into the mountains to the north, to make a camp and shoot game.

On one of these trips, soon after they had learned the trails, Redwing slung his bow over his back and started to run. After a mile or so he looked over his shoulder. André was close at his heels. Redwing went faster along the forest path.

They had often run over these trails, but André knew that this was to be a real test, for Redwing ran faster than ever he had run before.

He did not turn again until nearly another mile was passed.

André could see the sweat running down his neck. His legs no longer swung in easy strides. His ribs showed clearly the deep breaths he was taking. At last he stopped, beneath a rough hill. André was quite willing to stop, even though he could have run much farther.

“André runs like the deer,” said Redwing. “He could beat many braves in the race.”

“You praise me, Redwing. Thank you.” They said no more; but André felt sure that he could have beaten Redwing if he wished.

“I won’t forget what Monsieur Champlain told me,” he said to himself. “It is better to have Redwing for a friend than to win a race.”

He did not know then just how much this friendship might mean to him before he saw France again.

## CHAPTER XIV

### A RASCAL IS CAUGHT

Near their camp in the hills André and Redwing had shot a fat young deer, and each carried a part across his shoulders, as they walked back over the forest trail to the colony.

At a spot not far from the shore, where a grove of nut trees covered the hillside, André, who was behind, suddenly heard the chatter of a red squirrel. He stopped and listened. It came again, softly but clearly.

Without a sound, André laid the meat he carried under the shadow of some young trees, and hid from the path. It was the danger signal



of Redwing. He had made André practice the scolding chatter of the red squirrels until he could make them come at his call.

In a moment Redwing came back.

"Men are hiding in the forest. They talk. It is not good," he said.

"Where?"

"There, beneath the great oak. Let us creep up and hear what they are saying."

Silent as snakes, the two wound their way round behind the oak tree, where André saw Jean Duval and Natel sitting close together.

Redwing motioned for André to creep forward alone. Slowly he approached, until he could hear part of what they said. His heart nearly stopped beating. He trembled in spite of himself, and never moved until the men had gone away.

“What did they say?” asked Redwing.

“They were boasting of their strength and courage.”

André said no more, and soon they followed the two men back to the camp on shore.

As soon as he had given the meat to the cook, André went to find Monsieur Champlain. He was planning work for the next day on a storehouse, which he was very eager to finish. The sun had set, but a lovely glow was in the sky.

“I should like to climb the hill, and see the evening sky on the river,” said André. “It will be lovely.” At the same time he pressed Monsieur Champlain’s hand.

“So should I. Let us go,” he replied. And up they went.

“Now, my boy, what is the

trouble? You are as pale as milk."

Quickly André told him what he had heard in the wood.

"Aha!" said the leader, softly. "So that is the grand plan of Monsieur Duval." He thought for a moment, whistling.

"Now, André, perhaps you can guess why I had you sleep in my cabin, and why I keep the muskets all there, and why I taught you how to shoot one of those muskets."

"Oh, Monsieur," cried the boy. "Now I remember."

"What do you remember?"

"That day in the storm." He quickly told how he had run into the sailor's cabin, and Duval had been so angry.

"Yes, I can well believe it, André. You see Natel is not a bad man, and Jean Duval has been talking a long

time to make sure of him. Now that I know the truth, we are in no great danger, for I shall be on guard.

“Say not a word to any man,” he went on. “I can trust you, even if I am sure of no one else. The small boat will come up from Tadousac in a day or so, with three or four that I can also trust. I still have some faith in Natel, even if he was plotting with Duval. It takes courage to stand against such men.

“Let us be silent, and keep our eyes open,” he added, as they walked back to the river. “Tomorrow I will see how Natel behaves.”

Next day Monsieur Champlain met Natel several times as he went about his work. He spoke pleasantly to him, but looked deeply into his eyes each time, and each time Natel grew pale, and turned his eyes away.

They were eating dinner on shore under the trees, when shouts were heard, and a sailor ran up.

“What is it?” called Monsieur.

“The bark with supplies has come back already. It is almost to the harbor, below the point.”

André looked up quickly, and his leader smiled back at him, with a twinkle in his brown eyes.

“How can he sit there so quietly?” thought André. “He fears nothing.”

Monsieur waited to finish his dinner, and then went to the shore, just as the boat was letting down her anchor.

The supplies were taken off that afternoon, and at evening Tetu, who was her pilot, came to find Monsieur Champlain, in his garden.

“Could I speak with you alone, Monsieur?” he asked.

“Yes, let us walk in the forest.”

They went away into the woods, and were gone half an hour. Then Tetu came back to the garden, where André was still digging.

“Find Natel, and bring him here. Monsieur wishes to see him,” he said.

Natel turned white with fear, but followed André quietly, and went into the woods with Tetu.

Before long Natel returned, looking much happier. A little later the other two came out, and they went down to the ship.

“Natel must have confessed,” thought André, as he went to sleep that night. “I wonder what will happen now.”

Next morning Monsieur Champlain went to the forge, where Jean Duval and Natel were working.

“Jean,” he said, “I must have

four pairs of handcuffs, to send down river. Could you and Natel make them today? ”

“ Aha,” laughed Jean Duval. “ The Basque fishermen will steal furs after all. They are rascals, Monsieur. Yes, we will make you the handcuffs directly. Isn’t that so, Natel my boy? ”

Natel nodded, and tried to smile.

“ Yes, Monsieur, they shall be done as you wish.”

That afternoon a sailor from the small bark came for the handcuffs.

“ Here they are, my friend,” laughed Jean Duval. “ They will hold the biggest rascal of them all.”

“ Very good, Monsieur,” replied the sailor. Then he whispered, “ We have some wine and sweets on board, and shall have a feast as soon as it is dark. Will you come? ”

“Would a cat drink cream? I’m your man, my lad, and count me as two men, for I need a large share,” replied Duval with a wink.

Again that afternoon André was at work in the garden, when Monsieur Champlain came up.

“André, plan to be in my cabin at about four o’clock. A sailor from the small bark will come in a skiff. Give him two muskets, and stay on board until I come.”

All was done as he said, and later on Monsieur Champlain came to the ship. He oiled two more muskets, and loaded them.

The sky was filling with clouds. “We shall have supper on the ship tonight, André,” he said.

After supper he sat an hour or two, working on some notes. Then a tap came at the door.



“Enter.”

Tetu, the pilot of the small bark, came into the cabin.

“All is ready, Monsieur.”

“Take your single-stick, André,” said the leader. He gave a musket to Tetu, and took one himself; while Tetu led them to a skiff, that was tied beside the ship.

Softly they rowed to the small bark, where laughter and loud talk proved that the feast was on.

“Stand outside the cabin door,” whispered Monsieur Champlain. “If any man tries to escape, knock him down with your single-stick.”

Quietly Monsieur Champlain and a soldier stepped inside the cabin. André heard a shout and cries of anger. Then everything was still.

“Come in, André. All goes well.”

There, seated by the table, André

saw Jean Duval and three others, with their hands in the irons Jean had made that very day.

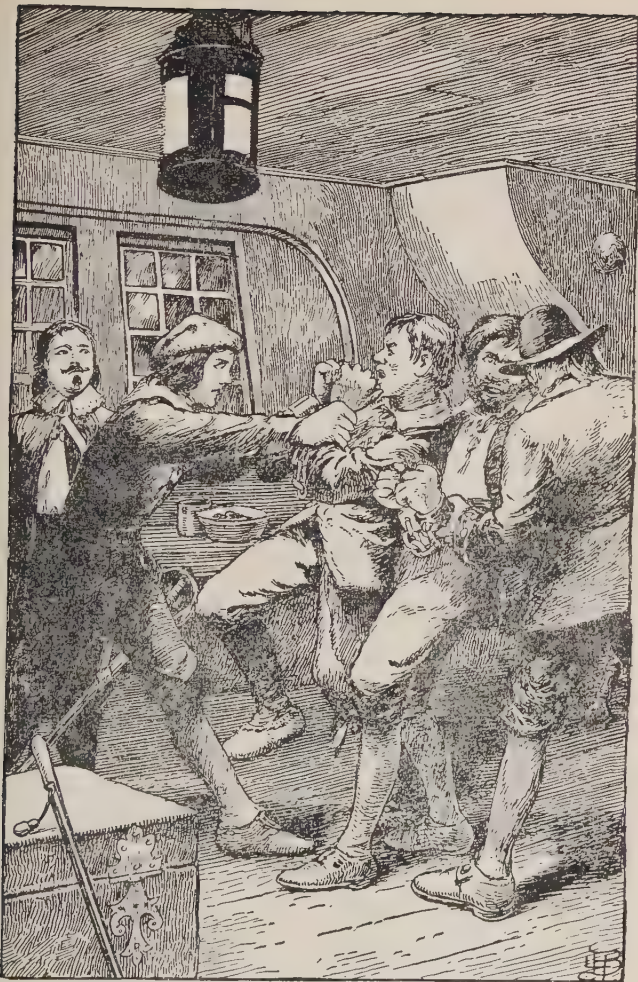
“You see, my friends,” said Monsieur Champlain, “that these handcuffs hold the biggest rascal of them all. Now, my men, follow me.”

Two sailors rowed them back to the ship. There they woke every man in his turn.

“Do you wish to tell the truth, and all the truth, or to be hung?” asked Monsieur Champlain, as they stared, half awake and trembling, at the loaded muskets.

One and all they begged for mercy, and promised to tell the whole truth; so he sent them back to bed, to sleep if they could.

The next day all the truth came out. Jean Duval had begun a plot on the voyage. He had threatened some



The biggest rascal of them all



and promised others, until he had made them all agree to join him in killing Champlain, and in selling the colony to the Basques or Spaniards. He said these people would pay them so much that they could all go home rich. They would say that Monsieur Champlain was killed by strangers, and they had to give up the place to those who attacked them.

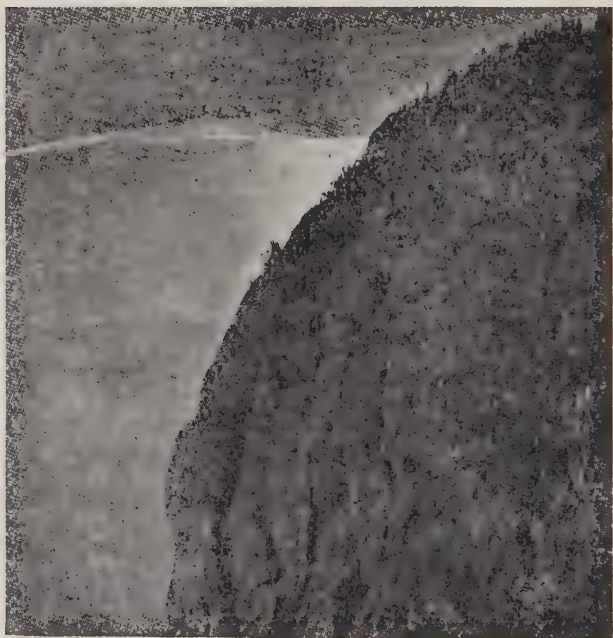
It turned out that Natel, who came from Rouen, would not agree that André should be killed, and this had delayed the plans, for they dared not leave André alive, lest he tell the truth in France.

The four leaders were sent to Tadousac, for safe-keeping, until a trial could be held. All four were sentenced to be hung; but Monsieur was merciful.

“It will be enough,” he said, “if

we hang Jean Duval alone, for he is the worst. We can send the other three back home to be put in jail."

This was done, and no other man dared to make plots against their fearless and generous leader.



Cape Trinity, on the Saguenay

## CHAPTER XV

### BITTER DAYS

After the plot in Quebec was discovered, and the four leaders were gone, everybody went to work with a good will to finish the dwelling and prepare the colony for winter.

Besides getting fish and game for the workers, André and Redwing hunted for fruits and nuts, that could be used as food. They found nuts of several kinds, plum trees, cherry trees, grapes, raspberries, strawberry plants, currant bushes, and roots of different kinds that could be eaten.

“Oh, this is a wonderful land,” said Monsieur Champlain. “The

Lord provides everything ready at our hands. Game in the woods, fish in the rivers, and fruit all about us. We shall never starve here, my boy."

As soon as the dwellings were well finished, and made snug to shelter them against the bitter cold of a winter in Quebec, they began to clear the land for gardens.

"We shall have no cracks and holes this winter to let Jack Frost in, I promise you. Now let us see what gardens and farms this forest soil will make for us." Monsieur went from one to the other, cheering all, and working himself as hard as the best among them.

About the middle of September, many Indians came to Quebec, and built their wigwams of poles and bark along the shore.

"They come to get eels," said



Redwing. "Here, where the river is narrow, they catch many eels."

And so they did. Basket after basket the Indians filled at the river with large fat eels. They feasted on them night and day. Then the squaws dried and smoked the rest over their fires, to keep for food during the long, cold winter.

All this time they danced and sang, and ran races, for they were warm and fed and happy.

When all the young braves in that tribe had raced, their best runner was matched against Redwing. It was a long, hard race; but Redwing came in first, and won a steel hunting knife as a prize.

Among those who saw the match, and cheered for Redwing, was Natel, who had lived in Rouen.

"Now then," he cried. "Let us

have a race between the best. I will bet ten beaver skins that André can beat Redwing."

At the words, André had a strange feeling. He saw again the dusty road by the river, the crowd of people, cheering and yelling. Above all he saw the face of Count Duclair, black with rage.

"Yes," cried all the French who had lived near Rouen. "Yes, André must run. He can beat Redwing. I will bet five fox skins. I will bet a bear skin." So they spoke, for Natel had told them of the famous race in Rouen, for a thousand crowns.

The blood came hot in André's veins, for he truly loved a race. As he looked about, he saw Monsieur Champlain. Monsieur said nothing with his lips; but his deep brown eyes said, "André, have a care."

At once André remembered what he had told him before, and he turned to Natel with a smile.

“Would you throw away your beaver, Natel?” he asked. “I have run with Redwing often in the forest, and he is always first. You would be foolish to bet on such a race.”

“Ho, ho, ho,” shouted the Indians, when they knew what he said. They were much pleased that André called Redwing the champion.

Redwing said nothing; but he put out his chest, and walked about, showing his knife with so much pride, that André was glad he had remembered in time.

By the middle of October the eels had gone out to sea; but the Indians had taken a great number, and were quite content. They left them exposed to the sun and air, while they stuffed

in as many as they could eat, leaving the rest for the squaws to smoke.

Soon several Indians fell sick and died. The doctor warned them not to stuff that way, and told them to cook the eels a long time, for they were no longer fresh. They paid no attention to him, so he left them to live or die as fate would have it.

When the eels they could not eat were all smoked, the chief came to Monsieur Champlain.

“We must go to hunt the beaver now,” he said. “The beaver will give us food and furs for the winter. Will you keep our eels safe for us until we return?”

Monsieur Champlain was eager to have all the furs he could get, so he gladly agreed to keep the eels, and other things they could not take with them. Next day the tribe went

silently into the forest, and their camp was bare.

While the Indians had been catching eels, the French were busy in their gardens. There they planted wheat and rye. Monsieur Champlain also had grape vines planted, for he wished to test every root that would grow and help to feed his colony.

Sadness also came among them, for Natel and a sailor fell ill. The doctor said it was not scurvy; but nothing could help them. They grew steadily worse, and died in the first cold weather.

Deep snows fell, and bitter winds blew over the hills of Canada, where November brought long hours of darkness. Redwing made André a pair of snowshoes, so that he might walk on the deep snow without sinking below the top.

At first he had hard work with these, and made great fun for the men about the colony, as he tripped and went head first into the deep snow drifts on the hill.

Redwing would pull him out again, and show him how to raise one foot above the other, while he swung it out from his leg.

“Good, my boy,” said Monsieur Champlain, as André returned, stiff and sore, from his first trip on snowshoes, with part of a deer on his back. “But don’t forget to fall down now and then in front of the dwellings. It makes the men laugh, and laughter saves lives.”

André and Redwing went far into the forest, seeking game of any kind; but as the snow grew deeper, and the cold more bitter, game was hard to find in that region.

In December the Indians all came back from their beaver hunt. Bad luck had followed them, for the water was high in the streams, and few beaver could be found. As they at once began to hunt for food about Quebec, what little game there was soon fell before their arrows.

“Come,” said Redwing. “We must go into the hills. No more game here. All gone with the sun.”

He led André far back to the mountains in the north. There, against the side of a high rock, they built a camp, where they could sleep during the long, cold nights, protected from the bitter wind. Bad luck followed them also. There was little game to be found. At night wolves howled in the forest, and the boys made a bright fire to keep them away from the camp.

“Too cold, too cold,” declared Redwing, as he looked into the steel gray sky. “Game all gone away with the sun.”

They returned to a gloomy colony, with a few rabbits and a partridge. The Indians now had nothing left but their smoked eels; and the men of the colony, in spite of Monsieur Champlain’s warning, were eating much salt meat.

“We shall not be sick this time,” they declared. “Our houses are warm and tight. No cold bad air from the forest gets in now. If we are warm and dry we shall be safe.”

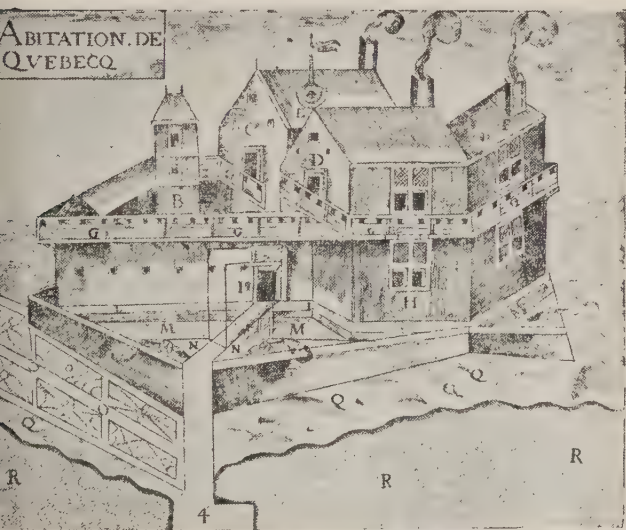
When André went into the house after his days in the open air, he almost stifled. The heat from the roaring fires, and the smell of the close air, made his head swim.

“Let us go back to our camp,



Redwing, and try again," he said.  
"I should choke in here."

Redwing gladly agreed, and they stayed several days. This time bad luck went ahead of them, for they got almost nothing.



The Dwelling at Quebec

## CHAPTER XVI

### BIG MAGIC

On their return the boys found a colony filled with gloom. Scurvy had set in, and many were sick. The men would not stir out, except to get wood and water. Only two or three took exercise. These men were not ill, for they followed Monsieur Champlain in everything he did.

The Indians in the forest had finished their eels, and were eating their dogs also, begging each day for scraps of food that could be spared by the French.

“André,” said Monsieur Champlain, when he had told him the bad news,

“can’t you and Redwing get us some fresh fish? Perhaps that would save those who are still alive.”

“Ice on lake too thick,” answered Redwing. “Ice thick as that.” He held out his arms for a measure.

“You can cut a hole.”

“How?” asked Redwing.

“Come, I’ll show you. I’ll make you a cutter.”

Monsieur Champlain led them to the forge, where he heated an axe. Then he hammered it out like a large chisel, and ground the edge until it was sharp as a razor. This he fastened with a bolt to a spruce pole, six feet long.

“There, Redwing,” he said, “get us a good string of fish, and this chisel shall be yours.”

Redwing’s eyes gleamed.

“Now we get fish. That lake by

our camp, André. It is full of trout. Let us go and fish."

They hastened off with their chisel, through the dark trails of the forest. It was a long trip, but the days were longer now, for winter was passing, and there was still an hour or two of light when they reached camp.

In a few minutes they had wood enough for the night, and a fire was roaring up the side of the cliff to warm the camp. Then they hastened to the little lake.

The deep snow was thrown aside, and soon the chisel was biting deep into the ice.

"Get fish all winter now," said Redwing, as the hole grew deeper. André scooped out the bits of ice while Redwing chopped, and a hole was cut wide enough to pull out a large fish.

André baited a hook and dropped it into the clear, deep water. He laughed aloud as he started to pull it in. There lay a fat trout in the snow.

“Our supper, Redwing,” he cried. “Our supper. There it is.”

Again the line went down, and once more a big trout lay flopping in the snow beside the hole.

But the cold was bitter, and already ice began to freeze again about the hole. Redwing took the chisel to cut this away. His fur mitten was covered with ice from the wet fish, so when he struck downward, the pole slipped through his hand, and sank into the deep water below.

Both boys stared at the hole. Tears stood in Redwing's eyes. This chisel was a priceless gift. Slowly he took the line, and let the sinker

down until it reached the bottom. It was thirty feet at least.

"No hope," said André. "We'll never see that again."

Redwing sat down beside the hole, holding his head between his furry hands, looking into the water.

"Don't talk. Think," he said.

"Well, you sit there and think. I will take the fish over, and make up the fire to cook it."

As André went into the woods by the shore, he could see Redwing sitting with his head in his hands.

"He'll have to hurry, and think fast," André said to himself, "or he'll freeze to death."

He hurried to build up the fire with more wood, and ran back to the lake, for dark was coming fast. Redwing no longer sat by the hole. He was busy with the line.

“Redwing has thought,” he said.  
“Tomorrow chisel will come back.”

“Big magic,” replied André with a laugh. “Big magic.”

“André will see.” Redwing kept on with his work. He laid out the line, and tied a heavy sinker at one end. Three feet above the sinker he tied on another bit of line, four feet long, with a small hook at the end. This hook he baited with a fin, taken from the first trout.

Running to the shore, Redwing quickly cut a long birch rod. He let down the line until the sinker touched the bottom, and then tied the line to the rod, which he laid across the hole.

“Now cover it with deep snow. Tomorrow chisel will come back. Big magic. Big magic.”

He turned with a laugh to André, who helped him pile a mound of snow

above the hole, to keep it from freezing over in the night.

Even the fat trout for supper could not take their minds from such a loss. Both boys were up often in the night to put wood on the fire, although Redwing, who slept little, would have done it alone.

With the first streak of dawn across the little lake, they were up. No breakfast for them now. They fastened on their snowshoes, and Redwing took his hatchet.

Quickly they threw off the pile of snow, and Redwing cleared away the thin ice about the edge of the hole with his hatchet. Carefully he took the line in his bare hand and drew it up through the hole.

In a moment the handle appeared above the water. With a shout, he seized it and drew out the chisel.





Big Magic



On the end of the short piece of line, now wound closely about the handle, was a large trout.

The pole, with the chisel at the end, had sunk straight down, and stood on the bottom, the handle pointing up toward the hole. Redwing had let the line down close beside the pole, with the short piece floating off to one side.

In the night a trout had caught himself on the short line, and swam round and round the pole, until he had twisted the short line tightly about it, half way up.

“Ho! Ho!” cried Redwing. “Big magic. Big magic.”

Then there was a grand breakfast by the light of the rising sun, and before noon the two happy boys set off for Quebec with a load of fresh fish on their backs.

## CHAPTER XVII

### SAVED ON THE ICE

The next morning André was roused from a deep sleep by shouts from outside. A group of men had gathered by the shore, and looked across the river. On the other bank a band of Indians had gathered, and yelled at the top of their lungs.

As André and Monsieur Champlain went out, the band all waved their hands, and called with one voice, begging for help. Monsieur walked down to the point, and watched them.

“Poor wretches,” he said. “I would gladly go to them, but no boat could float in that swift stream. Those great cakes of ice would smash

our skiff to bits. See, they are thin as straws. They die from hunger. It is pitiful to see them dying so.

“It seems strange, André, that human beings could be so foolish. In the summer they have plenty, and could easily store up enough food for cold weather, as the Indians about the great bay do, but they will heed no advice, and each winter they starve. Even a squirrel knows better.”

He stood on the point and called to them. He pointed at the swift river full of ice, that rushed down with the stream, and shook his head.

At last they seemed to know that the French would not cross; so they put the women and children into the canoes, and pushed out as soon as there was a streak of open water.

“They have wonderful courage,” said Monsieur, “and risk death on

the river in hope that I will give them food. Look, they are half way over."

"But see, see, Monsieur," cried André. "The ice is coming. The ice is coming, that great cake. It will catch them. They are lost!"

"Poor wretches. Their canoes crush in like eggshells. It is all over with them." Monsieur Champlain turned away his face, and a groan went up from the men on shore, as the wide ice cake caught the little fleet and crushed the canoes.

But the Indians did not die so easily. As the canoes sank, the braves threw themselves onto the wide cake of floating ice. The squaws, with the children on their backs, were dragged up after them, and for the moment they were saved.

"It is cruel to see such courage and daring go for nothing," said

Monsieur. "Only death lies before them after all. That ice will soon break up and throw them off."

Again good fortune came to help them. A still greater cake of ice struck the one they floated on, and drove it toward the shore.

"Hurry, Martin," called Monsieur Champlain to a sailor. "Get a coil of rope from the store room."

In a moment Martin came back with the rope. The Indians had drifted still nearer.

"That fallen tree, there by the point, André. Can you crawl out on that, and throw a rope to those poor wretches on the ice?"

"I hope so. I'll try, Monsieur."

André took the coil of rope, and crept out along the tree, until he came to the end, where he could hold on by the stiff roots.

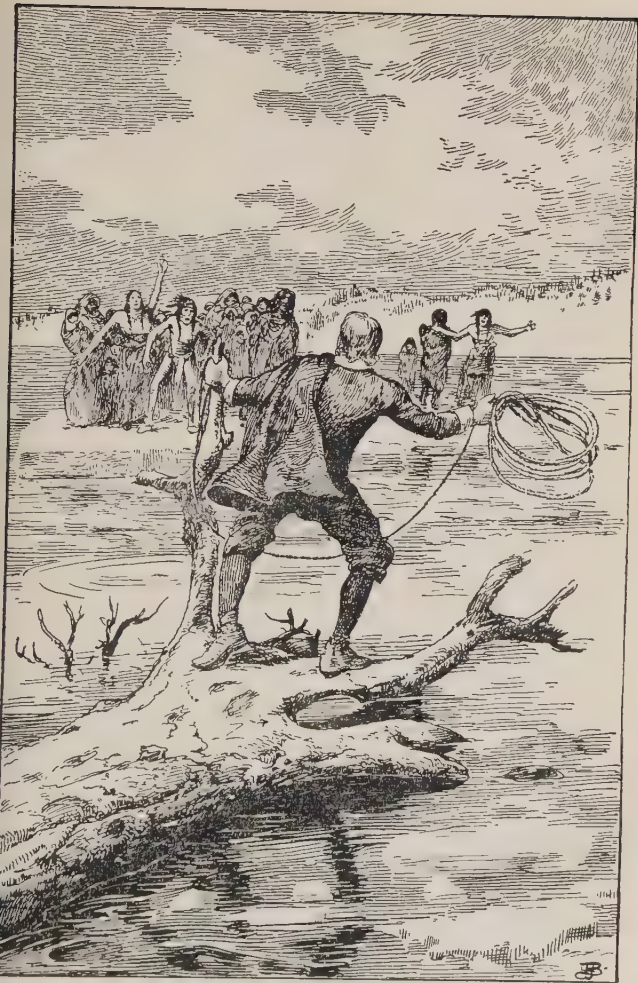
The Indians were floating past, calling and begging for aid. Coiling the rope as sailors do, André threw it out with all his strength. A cheer told him that his aim was true.

Fastening his end to a root, André watched, while the Indians seized the rope, and drew their raft of ice in toward the quiet water below the tree. With screams of joy they reached the shore, and staggered to a place of safety, where they sank down, nearly dead from hunger.

“I don’t see how they ever had the strength to get across. They are nothing but skin and bones,” said Monsieur Champlain, full of pity. He had bread and beans given to them. The beans they ate at once, raw, and would not wait a minute to have them cooked.

Then he lent them bark from his





André threw it out



stores, to cover their wigwams, and did what he could to help them. But so great was their hunger that they ate every scrap of food about the camp, in spite of all Monsieur Champlain could say.

“How can human beings be so foolish?” he said. “They eat old furs and decayed food, that a wolf would not touch. When I tell them not to touch it, they declare that nothing ever tasted better.”

Among the French the misery was almost as great. The salt meat the men had eaten began to bring scurvy, in spite of warmth and comfort. One after another, many men fell ill. André worked from morning until night, helping to care for the sick, and to prepare food and drink to nourish them.

In spite of all the Doctor could do,

no cure would work, and they began to die. André himself did too much, and was not careful of his food, he was so eager to help those who suffered and died.

“Come, my boy,” said Monsieur Champlain one day. “You must be off to your camp in the woods with Redwing, and get us some fresh fish. The Doctor says you can do nothing here that is needed half so much.

“Do exactly as I say. Take lots of time. Do not come back for at least three days. Eat plenty of beans and bread and trout. Rest most of the time, and enjoy the mountain air.”

He turned away as he spoke, so André should not see the troubled look in his eyes.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### DOCTOR REDWING

As André tramped over the snowy trail, his feet dragged, and he felt hardly able to move. It was a long, hard pull. Now and then Redwing would turn and look at him, in a troubled way. At last he came to take the pack from André's back.

"No, Redwing. I can carry it."

André tried at first to stop him, but Redwing paid no attention. He unfastened the strap, and took the pack on his own back.

"André is tired," he said. "The pack will be light for Redwing."

At last they reached the camp.

André was glad to obey, and lie snug in the furs, while Redwing built a roaring fire against the side of the cliff, and hastened down to catch trout in the lake.

“I didn’t know I was so tired,” said André to himself. “It was hot there in the house.” He looked at the snapping fire, and drew in deep breaths of the mountain air.

André did not feel hungry that evening, and ate little; so Redwing, who was a true Indian, ate supper for both. André got up to help gather wood; but Redwing pushed him back into the furs again.

“Redwing will get wood. Work makes Redwing warm,” he said, and danced to make André laugh.

That night the boy had wild dreams, and when he woke, now and then, his mouth was dry and sore.

In the morning he tried to rise, but fell back again on his bed. Every tooth ached with a dull pain, and his mouth was swollen. His legs and arms ached even worse than his teeth. A cold fear crept over him, chilling each limb, until it reached his heart. It was the fear of death. He knew this was the scurvy, and for that dreadful disease no cure was known.

Redwing pretended not to look at him, but hurried to build up the fire, and get some breakfast.

“No, thanks,” said André, when he brought him a tempting trout, fried with bacon. “I am not hungry, Redwing. I want some water.”

Without a word Redwing brought him a cup of water, almost freezing, and watched him as he drank. At the first sip André shivered, and his face turned white.

“Teeth hurt?” asked Redwing.

André nodded, closing his eyes. The cold water had made each tooth throb with pain.

The young brave quickly poured some water into a kettle, and made it hot. Then he held André up while he drank. This warmed his mouth and soothed the pain.

“I want another.”

While Redwing brought more water, his face took on a strange look, as if he were trying to make up his mind about something. He looked up to the sky and spoke half aloud in his native tongue.

As he laid André back on the furs, the boy pressed his hand with a little smile, and said, “Thank you, my brother. Thank you.”

A light came into Redwing’s face. “Yes,” he replied. “I am your



brother. Redwing will go. Have no fear. Redwing will go."

Quickly he swallowed a large breakfast. Then he took off his heavy outer coat, leaving only a light suit of deerskin, with a vest made of seal. In his belt he put a light hatchet, and round his waist he tied several thongs of deer hide, for mending snowshoes.

Rolling several dry logs near the fire, with plenty of small wood close at hand, he tied on his snowshoes.

"Sun is bright today. Redwing will go. He will come back before dark. Hot water is here." He pointed to a large kettle by the fire. Then, without waiting for any reply, he took his bow, and left the camp at a rapid pace.

To the sick boy, lying there on his bed of furs, it seemed as if the day

would last forever. When his thirst grew keen he struggled to the fire, drank from the kettle, put on more wood, and crawled back, to rest his aching head on the pillow of fox furs.

Toward noon the sun fell warm and bright about the camp. He could see the water dripping down the face of the cliff, from the melted snow.

Then he fell into a troubled sleep, full of dreams, to wake at times, to remember the truth, and struggle to be brave.

"I must die like a man," he said to himself, "so Monsieur Champlain will be proud of me. I wonder if he will come to find me before I die. Yes, I know he will. He will tell Père Gaspard I was brave."

Then he thought of Père Gaspard, across the sea, and his brother Robert. He wondered where Redwing

had gone, and what he had gone for.

“I guess he went to tell them I was ill,” he thought. “It is a long way. Darkness will come before he returns.” Then he fell asleep again.

Night had come, and sharp cold had settled over the camp, when André heard at last the chatter of a red squirrel, and his heart was glad. He tried to answer, but his lips would not move.

The next minute Redwing came into the camp, his back loaded with small branches he had cut from an evergreen tree.

“Redwing is here,” he said gravely. “Are you hungry, André?”

“No,” whispered André. “I am thirsty. I want a drink.”

“You shall drink, but not yet.”

Redwing took the large kettle as he spoke, and filled it half up with

water. This he hung over the fire. Then he rapidly cut bits of the evergreen into the pot.

Soon an odor like that of a pine forest on a summer day spread through the camp. To André, as he lay watching from his fur bed, it was the scent of spring.

When the twigs had boiled in the water a few minutes, Redwing took a cup. Dipping it full of the hot liquid, he set it in the snow to cool.

“André drink this,” he said, bringing the steaming cup. He raised the sick boy on his arm, and held the cup to his lips. It tasted like a fragrant evergreen, and soothed his sore, dry mouth like magic.

André lay back and watched him, as he got out some bread and bacon for supper.

“See,” he said, and held up a



Doctor Redwing



rabbit he had shot. "Tomorrow André will eat. Wolves gone. Sun comes back, and game comes too."

Again and again Redwing filled the cup, and brought it steaming hot, for André to drink. After the third cup, he pulled the furs up snug about the sick boy's face.

"André will sleep now," he said.

The lad watched, while Redwing rolled a big log into the fire, with a smaller one in front, and piled thick pieces of wood between. This done, the young brave wrapped himself in his heavy furs, and lay down close by André on his bed of balsam.

In another minute he was fast asleep. André watched the dull glow of the great log against the cliff, and felt a warm sense of comfort stealing through his body. He was no longer thirsty. Sleep settled slowly over his

eyes, and soon he had forgotten his pain and dread in a deep slumber.

When André woke, the morning sun shone on the cliff. Redwing was rubbing his eyes, and his arms and legs, that were stiff from the long tramp in the forest.

"Redwing slept long," he cried, with a laugh.

He quickly built up the fire, and set the pot on some live coals. Then he skinned the rabbit, and put half of it on a stick to broil.

A sense of joy filled André as he raised himself on his elbow. The terrible pain in his limbs was gone. His mouth and throat were still dry and sore, but the awful ache no longer throbbed in his head.

Redwing brought him three more cups of steaming liquid from the pot. Then he cut up the rabbit meat he



had left, and hung it in the small kettle to boil.

“André be hungry soon,” he said.

All that day André lay before the fire. Most of the time he slept. When he woke, Redwing would bring him a cup of hot drink, that soothed his sore mouth and gave him comfort.

The young brave caught fish in the morning, and went hunting after dinner, to bring home another rabbit and a partridge.

“André eat soup now,” he said, and brought a cup of soup from the small pot. When he smelled that soup, André knew that he would soon be well, for with the odor came a sense of keen hunger. Nothing ever tasted better in his life.

Two more days André lay snug in his furs beside the fire, before Redwing would let him get up. The

third day an Indian came from Quebec to see if anything was wrong. They gave him a load of fish to carry back, and sent home word that they would stay awhile to fish and hunt.

“I wonder,” thought André, the day after, as he stood to try his legs, “what this evergreen was that Redwing brought. I must make sure to remember it.”

He looked about to find a branch, but could see none. Not a twig of the tree was left on the ground, or in the big kettle, or in the camp. Every scrap was gone. Not even a bare branch was lying about.

Just then Redwing came back from the lake with his fish.

“Redwing,” asked André, walking about to show him how strong he had grown, “what was that evergreen you got to cure me of the scurvy?”

“Oh, that was the aneda.” Redwing threw down a dozen big trout in the snow.

“The aneda? What is that?”

“But that is all — the aneda.”

“What is it like? Where does it grow, near Quebec?”

“I don’t know that. Redwing has forgotten.” With a frown Redwing began to put some wood on the fire.

For a moment André looked at him in surprise.

“Ah, I see,” he said. “It is a secret. Very well, I will not ask. But, Redwing, tell me, why did you let those poor men die in Quebec, if you knew the aneda would cure them all the time? That was terrible.”

Redwing leaned on his axe, and looked coldly at André.

“Redwing could not cure them. It is forbidden.”

Seeing the look of surprise, that showed André did not believe what he said, Redwing came and made him sit down on the bed.

“My brother,” he went on, “Redwing’s father is a chief. His father’s father was a big chief in these lands. Many moons ago a white chief came here. In the winter he and his men were sick. The big chief cured them, and showed them where the aneda grew.”

“Ah, that was Cartier,” said André. “Monsieur Champlain has told me of him.”

“Yes. It was Cartier. Redwing has heard his name. To pay my people for saving them, what did they do? They promised five Indians gifts, and took them on their ship. On the ship they locked the doors and killed them.”

André looked at Redwing in horror. "It can't be true," he cried.

"My father does not lie. After that it was forbidden to tell of the aneda. My own people I may cure, if one is sick. It is forbidden to cure any but my own. You are my brother. You I cure."

Suddenly a thought swept over André's mind. "But Monsieur Champlain — if he should be sick?"

Redwing thought a moment. "He is my brother's father," he said at last with a smile. "I may cure my own. Now André must lie down. Redwing will hunt for partridge."

André lay back among the furs. Before he could speak again, Redwing had taken his bow and was gone.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

Jacques Cartier did not kill the five Indians he took on his ship, as Redwing supposed. He shut them under the deck and carried them back to France. There they died, probably of grief, and longing for their forest homes. His act was never forgotten nor forgiven by the Indians, and the secret of aneda was never again revealed. Of twenty eight men in Quebec with Champlain, only eight lived through the winter 1608.

## CHAPTER XIX

### LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Spring came at last. The sun smiled softly down on the ice-bound streams and crystal-covered forest. At first the spruce and fir shook off their load of crusted snow, and raised their eager limbs. The maple tips turned red, and willow twigs burst out in pink and white to dress their yellow shoots.

Deep down along its bed, still safely hid from sight, the running water in the brook laughed like a fairy bell. The pools appeared at noon, only to freeze again before the April sun went down.

Beaming, next day the sun turned pools to brooks, and brooks to rivulets. From cliff and crag, and southern slope, the melting snow rushed down to reach the river, and burst the frozen barriers that bound it. Booming and crashing through the quiet night, the ice broke up, and swirled away upon the swollen stream.

The forest sighed, awaking from its long, long sleep. The elms and beeches whispered to the smaller trees good news of summer. Below the cliffs, in sheltered spots, where first the sunlight fell, brown leaves appeared; a glint of green; then, even by the bank of snow, still lying in the shade, there stood a flower.

In these glad days André could hardly contain himself. Spring in the northern forest filled him with an



eager wish to go and discover everything in the whole world. Much game rewarded the hunting trips, for ducks and geese were going north, and filled the little lakes among the mountains. The sadness of the bitter winter passed, as spring burst upon them with her promise of a new year.

Of all the spots about Quebec that André loved, no other held his fancy quite so much as the great falls, seven miles below, where the spring freshet, white as milk, plunged nearly three hundred feet down from the cliffs above, and dashed into the river with a voice of thunder.

Now came the Hurons from their winter homes, loaded with furs to trade, and André brought out his little stock of cloth and knives and fish-hooks. Monsieur and Redwing helped him in his trading.

“There, my boy,” said Monsieur Champlain when he had done. “You will have a handsome purse of gold when you sell those furs in Rouen.”

The Huron chiefs told fearful stories of their enemies, and begged Monsieur Champlain to go and help them fight this dreaded foe.

“There are five tribes, or nations,” they told him. “We call the Five Nations the Iroquois; but of these five tribes, there is one called the Mohawks, that we fear the most. They are big and strong. They go everywhere to kill their enemies. They have no mercy.

“No one is safe,” they cried. “You tell us to plant corn. You tell us to keep food for winter. We cannot. The Mohawks would come to get it, and kill us all.”

“If I can help, will you guide me



## Montmorency Falls

These falls, seven miles below Quebec, are much higher than  
Niagara Falls



safely up the river that leads south into the lake of the Five Nations?" he asked. His great desire was to visit the lovely lake the Indians talked about so much.

"Ho, ho, ho. Yes, yes, yes," they all replied, shouting and singing for joy at his words.

A vast pile of wood was gathered, and the braves lighted the fire as night came on. All night they danced in their war paint around the great fire, singing and shouting, and telling what they would do to the Mohawks when they met.

Early in the morning André and Redwing made ready to join the party, and a large band started up the broad St. Lawrence.

It was the first of June. River and forest were never more lovely. The water was full of fish, and

islands, not far from the shore they followed, were covered with game. Each night they feasted like nobles in a fat land.

Now André saw that the rugged bluffs, along the banks below Quebec, were gone, and each shore was mostly smooth and fertile, ready to be planted for rich harvests.

At the mouth of the river they were to follow into the great lake, they camped for a grand feast and powwow. Having nothing else to do, they began to quarrel. They called each other bad names, and found much fault.

"Tell Monsieur," said Redwing to André, "that most of the braves will go home with their wives. They are cowards and women."

And so they did the next day, leaving a small group of Indians still

eager to go with Monsieur Champlain on the war path.

“Let them go,” said he. “We can get along better without them. We will take our dozen soldiers, and be safe enough from the Mohawks.”

They found the river broad and quiet for a few miles. Then they came to rapids, and at last to falls.

“We never can get our heavy boats over those falls,” said the pilot. “Is there no way around?”

“We will find out for ourselves,” replied Monsieur. “The Hurons told me that this way would be very easy. I guess we will not trust anything they say after this.”

But no passage was found.

“Very well, I shall go on just the same,” declared Monsieur Champlain. “I will not turn back now, for I mean to see this lake. Who knows? It may

lead us through to China, after all."

So he kept two soldiers, sending back the rest in their heavy wooden skiffs. "We can go along in canoes with the Indians, André. Nothing can stop us then. You and Redwing have your own canoe, so I will not send you back."

Sixty men and twenty four canoes now made up the party that went on toward the lake. The Indians divided into three groups: one small party went ahead, scouting along the shore, to make sure no Mohawks were about; a large group stayed together for defense, if they were attacked; a third group was sent into the forest behind them, to hunt game for the feast they had each night.

By late afternoon they would choose a spot on the shore, and all fall to work, cutting trees and building



a log fort, in case they were attacked during the night. This done, the game was cooked, and all gathered for the feast.

André and Redwing went out as hunters. The French boy was almost an Indian himself now. With the bow he was so quick and sure that no brave cared to challenge him to a contest. His wool clothing had been changed to the tough, soft deerskin that never caught and tore on sharp boughs and brambles. On the trail his foot was swift and light as a cat.

Before dark a few canoes would steal out on the lake, to make sure that no Mohawks were near. At this hour the boys would take their leader out to study the land on each side.

No spot in the world had ever seemed quite so fair. Beside them, on the west and east, the land rose

slowly a few miles, then swept up in lofty mountains, covered almost to the top with a rich forest. Far to the south, beyond their sight, the lake stretched out, dotted here and there with wooded islands.

The forests were filled with game; the waters teemed with fish of many kinds. Along the shores they found good grain growing wild, with nuts, and many kinds of fruit.

“This,” said Monsieur, “is the fairest place I have found in all my travels, and I shall call it by my name, Lake Champlain.”

When darkness came, all the Indians lay down with their feet toward the fire, to sleep.

“Why don’t you set a guard during the night? The Mohawks may come and kill you,” said Monsieur to the Chief.

“ Oh, no, we can't do that. Braves hunt all day; tired now. No Mohawks near this camp.”

“ Perhaps you think so; but we will watch, if you won't. There may be a hundred Mohawks hidden in the forest now, waiting to kill you.”

“ I will stand guard part of the night,” said André.

“ Good, my boy. Here is my watch. Wake me at twelve.” But Redwing stood up beside André.

“ No, white father sleep,” said he. “ Redwing will listen. He hears everything.”

## CHAPTER XX

### THE MOHAWKS

June nights were short, and days were long and lovely, as the little band made their way along the wooded shores of Lake Champlain. When they entered the narrow part, that brought them near the end, no more fires were lit, and every one kept silent, for this was the hunting ground of the Five Nations.

Each evening the Huron Chief would find a level spot and lay out on it sixty sticks, about a foot long, one for each brave. The sticks for chiefs were larger. Every stick was named for an Indian, and, as he laid

them out, the Chief would tell the warriors just how they must stand, and how they would fight, when it came time for battle.

Every morning they would hurry to Monsieur Champlain, to ask him about his dreams, and tell about theirs. One bad dream would have been enough to send them all home again, for they believed that bad dreams foretold bad luck.

At last Monsieur dreamed that he saw the Mohawks drowning in the lake, near by, and this filled his party with great joy.

“I don’t wonder that their medicine men and witch-doctors cheat them, and tell them lies,” he said. “They believe every tale, much more than children in the nursery, for children see through half our fables.”

Almost at the end, the lake became

as narrow as a river, and here the Hurons moved no more by day. One night, the last of June, they had started in their canoes, when they heard a sound. Suddenly Redwing, in the bow, pointed. There was a scream, a yell; then the forest rang with the whoops of the Mohawk tribe.

Instantly the Hurons all drew their canoes together, while the Mohawks hastened to the shore, and began to chop down trees to make a fort.

“Ho, Mohawks,” called the Huron Chief. “Do you wish to fight?”

“Yes, you squaws and babies,” returned the Mohawk leader. “We wish for nothing so much as a fight; but there is not enough light now to see by. At sunrise we will kill you, every one. Does that suit you?”

All through the night both parties danced and sang and shouted, calling

names to each other, the worst ones they could think of.

With the first rays of the rising sun, the Hurons formed a band close by their canoes, on shore, so the French soldiers were hidden behind them. The Mohawks came out of their fort, also close together, with bows drawn and arrows ready.

“Ho, Hurons. Prepare to die,” they cried.

But as they came near, the Hurons opened their ranks, and Champlain, with his shining armor and great musket, marched out alone.

At sight of him, the Mohawks stopped and gazed in great surprise, for they had never seen a white man. Then they raised their bows as if to shoot all together.

At this, Monsieur Champlain, who had loaded his musket with four balls,

took aim at the Mohawk chiefs, and fired. With the shot, which sounded louder than thunder to the astonished Mohawks, two chiefs fell dead, and a brave was wounded.

Even then, so great was their courage, the Mohawks raised their war cry, and advanced, sending a shower of arrows before them.

The Hurons answered with wild cries, and arrows flew from both sides thick as hail. Bang! Bang! The muskets of the other soldiers, hidden in the trees, burst out in flame and death among the Mohawks.

This was too much. With shrieks and howls, the Mohawks threw down their shields of wood, and ran into the forest.

“After them, after them,” cried the Huron Chief. “They must not escape us this time.”





*Drawn by Champlain*  
The Mohawks were defeated at the lower end of Lake Champlain in July,  
1609



For some distance they pursued the Mohawks into the deep woods. The muskets again went off, giving wings to their flying feet, and every warrior made the forest echo with his howls of rage, until the Chief cried out to stop, and seek the shelter of the lake, for fear of ambush.

All gathered at the shore, and seized the corn and meal and game in the Mohawk canoes, to feast, for they had appetites like wolves.

“What do you seek, my boy?” called Monsieur Champlain, as he saw André moving here and there among the braves. The boy came to his side, with a troubled face.

“Have you seen Redwing?” he asked. “Is he here?”

“No. Has he not returned?”

André shook his head. “I cannot find him, Monsieur.”

“Go then, and hunt among the trees. He may be wounded. Fear not for any Mohawk. They have gone fast and far.”

André hurried off. After some minutes he returned. His mouth was set; his face was pale. Going to a warrior called Big Wolf, a member of Redwing's tribe, he took him by the arm, and spoke in a low tone.

“Come,” he said.

Big Wolf followed André into the forest, up a small ridge that ran back from the shore. Beyond this ridge they found a spot where the earth was wet and soft, by a shallow brook. Here André stopped and pointed down at the damp ground.

Big Wolf stooped low, and looked carefully at the trail.

“Whose moccasin is that?” asked André, showing a deep print.

“Ugh,” snarled Big Wolf, “they have caught Redwing.”

Deep in the mud the prints of moccasins were left, not as an Indian steps, but made on purpose, to show clearly. Beside it, other prints were left; but these were Mohawk tracks.

“Say nothing at the camp until I am gone,” said André. “Hide our canoe beneath the alders in the little brook. I go to find Redwing.”

Pushing his hunting knife safely down into his belt, and giving his bow to Big Wolf, André turned and made his way swiftly into the forest.

Hour after hour he followed the broad trail left by the Mohawks, as they fled through the deep woods.

“I must find him. I must get him away. He saved my life. He is my brother. I must save him.”

These thoughts ran through his

mind, as André went swiftly and silently over the forest trail. He shuddered when he remembered the cruel tortures that Mohawks used on their prisoners, and made up his mind to risk any chance in saving his companion.

As he went on, he noticed more and more a pain in his chest, and before noon he stopped to rest beneath a clump of cedars.

"I must find out what is the trouble," he said to himself. He laid aside his loose coat of deerskin, and then took off his woolen vest, that he wore always.

On the inside of the vest he found a sharp piece of metal sticking through. Just at the place where this had cut into his skin, was a blue spot, as big as a small apple, with red around the edge.

Taking out his knife, André opened the vest enough to pull out a piece of metal. It was a golden crown, bent and cut. André smiled.

"I guess, Père Gaspard," he said, "you saved my life that time. I thought that some one struck me in the fight; but I was so excited I hardly noticed it."

A Mohawk arrow had struck him in the breast, and the bent piece of gold had stopped it.

The boy pounded the crown out flat again on a smooth rock, and slipped it once more into the woolen vest, with a little prayer of thanks.

"As Monsieur would say," he thought, "it was by God's mercy."

He found some strawberries near his resting place. These satisfied his needs, for he had eaten well that morning, and soon he was on the trail.

## CHAPTER XXI

### A CAPTIVE IN THE FOREST

Toward evening André could see by the footprints that his enemies were growing weary.

“They will camp soon,” he said to himself. “Now I must look out, for they may send back scouts, to make sure no one is following.”

So stooping low, to let the bushes hide him, he slipped from tree to tree, slowly making his way onward.

Just before sunset he came to a ridge, and there, about a mile below him, on the shores of a small lake, he saw a stream of blue smoke rising into the still air. The Mohawks had made camp.



Slipping under a high blueberry bush, part way down the ridge, André sat and watched the Indian camp. There he rested and ate the berries, that were almost ripe.

His eyes drooped, and his feet ached, as he sat waiting; so he lay back to doze an hour before it would be dark enough to go down. Half asleep, he lay there waiting for the dusk, and planned what he would do.

“It is lucky for me,” he thought, “that they have no dogs with them. Indians never stand guard, and they will be so tired that all soon will be fast asleep about the fire.”

At last darkness came, and André roused to stretch his limbs. Then he slowly and carefully felt his way down the slope toward the Mohawk camp. So many had passed this way, that the trail was easy to follow.

Feeling in front with his foot, to make sure he would not slip, or make a sound; sometimes crawling on his hands and knees, when the trail was rough, little by little, André moved toward the Mohawk camp.

At last, as he went past a clump of bushes, the French boy saw the glowing embers of a fire. Nearer he crept, and nearer, until he could make out the forms of Indians, lying on the ground about the embers.

The night was chill, and the Mohawks had left all clothing in their war canoes. For warmth they lay close, each beside the other, with their feet to the glowing coals.

“Where is Redwing?” thought André. “He must be here. I saw his footprints just before I reached the last ridge.”

Creeping nearer still, he looked all

about the circle, to see if he could make out the form of his Indian brother. Not one of those sleeping braves seemed to be like Redwing.

André moved about the camp a few yards, to get a better view. Again he searched the camp circle. Redwing was not there.

André shuddered. His heart sank. Was he too late? Was he too late? Was he too late? The question seemed to run like fire in his brain.

In his despair he forgot caution, and raised his head to see more clearly. As the glow fell on his face, he heard a faint sound. Turning quickly, André looked up, and saw a human form standing upright, half hidden by a maple tree. The face was twisted round to see him.

It was Redwing, bound hand and foot, upright against the maple.

Quickly André sank back to earth, and crept with throbbing heart toward the tree where Redwing stood. His hand shook, as he reached out to feel for twigs or stones, that might betray him to the sleeping braves.

Slowly, foot by foot, he neared the tree. Not two yards from it lay a chief, the one who claimed Redwing as his prize.

At last the boy could reach out and touch Redwing's foot. Drawing his knife, keen as the north wind, he cut the thongs of deerskin that bound his friend to the maple tree.

While André moved slowly back, Redwing raised his feet silently, to make sure that he could walk. Then he bent like a shadow over the great chief. Close by him lay a knife, that the Mohawk had taken from his captive. This Redwing seized, and,

dropping to the ground, moved like a snake into the dark forest.

An hour or so the two friends made their way in darkness.

"Rest now," said Redwing. "Too slow in the night. Faster in the morning. Come under the trees."

So they crept beneath some pine trees, and stretched out on the soft needles, while Redwing rubbed his arms and legs, numb from the thongs that bound them.

With the first streaks of dawn in the eastern sky, Redwing woke André from a sound sleep, and they were again on the trail, running in open places, where the path was smooth.

"Will the Mohawks follow us, when they find you are gone?" asked André, looking back.

Redwing nodded. "The Mohawks are wolves," he said, with a fierce

look. "They are even now on the trail; but they will not dare to follow near the great lake."

This did not give André much comfort, for Redwing was lame from the thongs that bound him, and sore from the kicks and blows he had suffered the day before.

At noon no sign nor sound had warned them of enemies behind, and they stopped to rest, while eating strawberries by the trail.

André felt sure that Redwing would know it, if Mohawks were drawing near; but he felt some alarm, for they were going more slowly in the afternoon.

With every mile they now drew near the lake. Just a few more miles and they were safe.

Before them, on a ridge, some crows flew up, cawing and scolding,

into a grove of maples. Redwing glanced keenly back, and at each open spot he turned, to look and listen.

Not far beyond, they passed another ridge, and there, as they paused a moment, the cawing of the crows came faintly to their ears. Redwing turned quickly.

“Mohawks,” he snarled. “André must run his best.”

No time now for resting; or going slowly in rough places. Death followed at their heels. Both boys knew the Mohawks would see by their tracks that they were making a last dash for safety, and would rush after them at top speed.

André ran easily, still fresh; but Redwing was well spent, and gasped for breath at each rough place.

After a mile or two, he staggered in a muddy spot, and partly fell. Not

far behind, they heard the yells of Mohawks, who had seen the spot where Redwing faltered, and were sure of their prey.

Only half an hour, and the two boys would be safe. Only a few miles to the lake. Again Redwing stumbled, gasping for breath. Again the yells of savages behind them rang, much nearer now.

As they went up a ridge André noticed some great rocks on the right, piled in a heap. He seized Redwing's arm.

"Come," he cried. "Come."

The young brave was too weak to resist or question, and let André drag him in among the rocks.

"Hide here and rest. I will go on and fox them off the trail."

As Redwing hid, André sprang off. He cleared the trail with a bound,



leaping from rock to rock. Up the ridge to the left he raced, knocking down stones, and making all the noise he could as he ran.

As he neared the top, André heard the whoops of the Mohawks below. They saw him just as he started down, and rushed forward, filling the forest with their dreadful howls. Now they were sure of two prisoners, in place of one.

But André was fresh and strong. Away he went, like a deer before the wolves. From rock to rock he leaped, keeping always to the left, to lead the Mohawks off the trail.

The cries behind him died away; and when the blue waters of Lake Champlain came in sight, he knew the savages would follow him no farther. He was safe.

The canoe was hidden by the brook.

André got in and waited by the shore at the trail's end.

Before an hour passed, André heard the voice of a red squirrel, scolding in the woods. He answered, full of joy, and pushed ashore to meet his friend, who silently got in.

It was almost dark when the two saw the fires of their party glowing in the woods beside the lake. The Indians greeted Redwing with great joy, and shouted terrible threats after the defeated Mohawks.

"André," said Monsieur Champlain, "you took an awful chance. It was a rash adventure."

But André only looked into his kind eyes and answered, "Monsieur, he saved my life. He is my brother."

## CHAPTER XXII

### “BOY, THAT RING”

That summer was full of interest and pleasant days for André. He wandered far up the mountain streams with Redwing. He went on grand deer hunts, where Monsieur Champlain and whole bands of Indians took part. He worked in the gardens about Quebec, and gathered fruits of many kinds.

But all the time thoughts of his brother Robert and Père Gaspard stayed in André's mind. Would Monsieur Champlain return, or would they stay another winter in Quebec?

He loved the river and the forest; but the winter had been long and

bitter. His thoughts and hopes pulled him back to see his home once more, and sunny France.

These questions were all settled the last of August.

“André, my son, pack up your furs, and get yourself ready. We shall sail down the river tomorrow, and then on to France.” Monsieur Champlain had just read letters from Paris, that told him to return.

Redwing sailed with them, to join his father again at Tadousac. There the old Sagamore brought several perfect skins, taken from dark foxes, on board the ship.

“My friend,” he said to André, “Big Wolf has told me. You give me back my son. I give you these furs to thank you.”

“Remember,” added Redwing, “you have promised to come back.”



*From a drawing by Champlain*

## A Deer Hunt

Hundreds of Indians worked two or three days to build the fence. Then they drove the deer from the forest into the fenced area, where there was no escape



“Yes, I shall not forget,” cried André, as the sails filled, and the bark moved out.

“Guard those furs well, my boy,” said the Captain, who stood near. “Fox skins like that are prized by kings and princes.”

As they sailed down the St. Lawrence, fog hung about. Monsieur Champlain now knew the river even better than the pilot, so he stayed on deck for many hours, to help in steering through the mist.

At last the fog lifted, and Monsieur gladly left the deck, to sleep, after his long watch. An hour later they sighted another vessel, also sailing east, along the southern shore.

“Ah,” cried the Captain. “There is a Basque fisherman, who has sneaked in here to trade, against the law, and steal the furs that belong to

our colony. We'll stop them, and take what furs they have. It's lucky the fog lifted."

Changing his course, the Captain steered toward the Basque fishing boat, and ordered it to stop.

"Stop yourself," called the Basque Captain.

"Very well," replied the Captain. "If you won't stop, we'll stop you; so take warning."

"Hola!" cried a soldier. "Shall we get the muskets, Captain?"

"No. You might kill one, and then we should have to pay for it. Take your sticks, my men, and when we go alongside, jump down and make them surrender."

In a few minutes they were beside the other ship. André seized his single-stick and was ready with the rest to jump on board.



To their surprise, the strangers took sticks and clubs themselves, determined to fight for their furs, though they were few in number.

With yells and threats, the men from André's bark jumped down to capture their prize; for only ships sent by their colony were allowed to trade for furs in the St. Lawrence. All others were treated as robbers.

Before him, as he landed on the deck, André found a young fisherman, armed with a single-stick much like his own.

"Surrender!" cried André, standing on guard before him.

"Surrender yourself!" replied the young sailor, and he raised his stick.

Click click, click click. Sharply the tough, hard wood rang out, as each one struck and parried. Faster and faster came the blows.

Greatly to his surprise, André found all his tricks were matched by the young man before him, who was just about his size, tall and strong. Each blow he struck was met and turned away. His greatest skill could hardly guard him from that other stick, which rattled against his.

“Now I must try my thrust,” thought André. “Where on earth did he learn to use a single-stick like that? He is even quicker than Master Brook.”

Moving back a little, to give more space, André watched his chance, meeting every blow with all his skill.

Suddenly, as the sailor raised his stick for a high blow, André lifted his left hand. At the same instant he thrust forward with all his speed.

His foe swung back, too late. The single-stick struck home upon his



“Where did you get it?”



breast. He gasped for breath; a look of pain and anger swept his face.

His single-stick on guard, the sailor looked at André for an instant in surprise, then he came on again with fury. His stick swept round André's head like a windmill in a storm. Blows fell like hail.

Click click click. The lad could hardly follow with his eye the motions he must meet, but moved his hand from habit and good teaching. His breath came hard. His heart was beating fast. But still he held his own against the stranger.

Then, as he moved his hand to meet a blow that started toward his head, the stick swung down. Before his own could drop to meet it, the blow had reached his knee.

A burning pain shot through his leg; the boat rocked as he staggered;

and André fell backward on the deck.

“Hah!” cried the youth, and sprang upon him, his single-stick raised to end the contest.

André glanced up, to see the stick above his head, and looked into the dark eyes of his young foe, hot with anger. But as he looked, the eyes grew large; the stick wavered and fell beside him. A startled look swept over that dark face.

“Boy, that ring in your ear — where did you get it?”

## CHAPTER XXIII

### MUCH TO LEARN, MUCH TO TELL

As the Basque turned to look more closely, André saw a clover leaf with three rubies, glistening under his hair, in the bright sunshine.

So great was his surprise that he could only look. At once he knew the face, darkened and rough, with the hard life of a sailor.

“Robert!” he cried.

With a great shout the other raised André from the deck, his arms about him close, and kissed him on both cheeks, in the French fashion.

“I should have known you by your thrust, my little brother,” he said. “Who else would have used that?”

“That leg blow, too,” André

replied. "Master Brook himself could not have stopped it."

"Ah, but it was cruel to strike you so, André. Are you much hurt?"

"Not badly. See, my leg will move. It aches some still, but that will soon pass off. And here you are at last, on a Basque vessel."

The fishermen had surrendered very soon, when they saw the numbers on the larger boat, and the angry crew had gathered on the deck about their Captain, when Monsieur Champlain appeared.

"What is all this?" he called.

"It is a Basque fisherman, who has been trading in the river, where your colony has the sole rights," said his Captain. "We have captured him, and will take his furs away, as we always do."

"You will not. Don't you dare



touch our ship," cried the Basque Captain. "Your colony does not have sole rights to trade here any longer. The King has granted us rights, too, and we paid well for them, let me tell you."

All turned to Monsieur Champlain, who stood a moment, looking at them with a sad smile.

"It is true," he said at last. "We must not do him harm. Others have bought the right to trade here from the King of France."

"Push off then, and good riddance to them," called the fisherman, going to take the wheel.

"But Captain. Wait. Please wait for just a moment. My brother. I have found him on the bark."

Robert hastened to tell his Captain the story, and every one listened with the greatest surprise.

“ Well then, what now? ” asked the Captain. “ I can’t adopt him.”

“ I should like to join him, and return to France.”

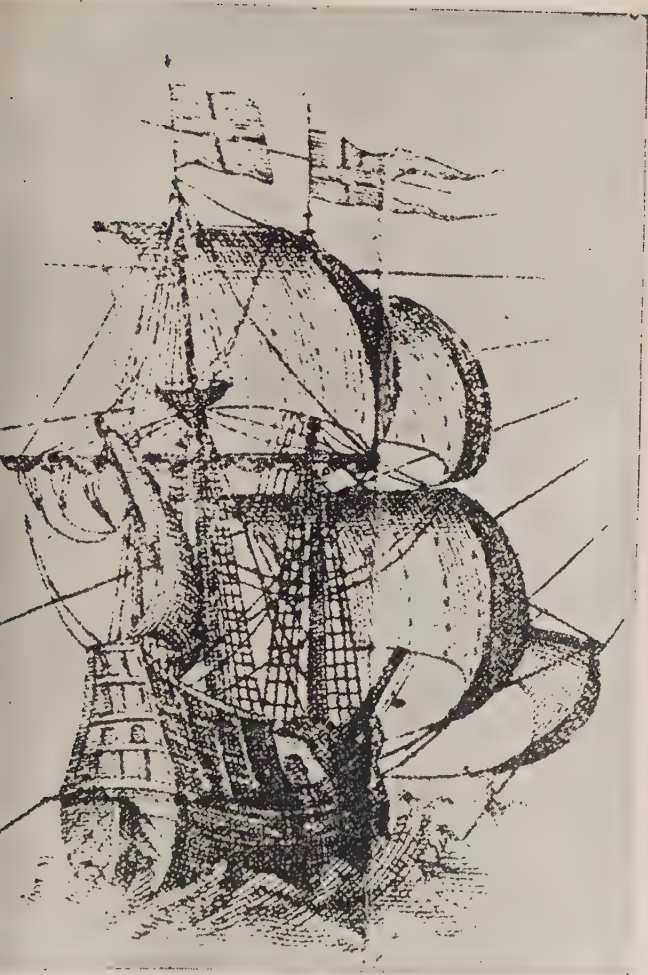
“ Go where you please, for all I care, only go fast,” replied the Captain, who had his cargo loaded, and would need Robert no more.

“ Come on then, lad, and welcome. We have empty bunks in plenty, and need more men,” said Monsieur Champlain from the deck.

So Robert ran into his cabin. He soon appeared with a chest in his arms. This he threw on the larger bark, and hurried back.

Several fishermen had gathered as he went down, and talked together. When he returned, with a bale of furs on his back, they stopped him.

“ Put down the furs and pay your debts before you go.”



*From a drawing by Champlain*  
**The Bark**



“ You don’t get out like that. Pay up. Pay up, little man.”

“ Don’t forget me, my darling. Five crowns of it is on my little bill.”

Robert stopped and set down the bale of furs, looking at them.

“ Now, what is all this? ” called the Captain, eager to be off.

“ Let him pay his debts, Monsieur Captain. He owes us money. Let him pay or leave his furs.”

“ Yes. If he would play, let him pay. Why should he scamper off? ”

“ Do you owe these men money that you bet at cards? ” The Captain scowled at Robert, for all this was taking time.

Robert looked down. “ Yes, it is true, Monsieur.”

“ Then pay them, and be quick.”

“ I have no money. If they would only wait until — ”

“Hah, wait, yes wait. Wait till the day of doom. No, let him leave his furs.” The men were angry.

“That is the way. The furs will pay the debt. Let go of them and hurry,” cried the Captain. “Must I stay here all day, and lose my trade for you? No money, no furs; that is fair enough for all.”

At this moment André reached his brother's ear.

“How much do you owe them, Robert? Tell me, quick!”

“Twenty crowns, in gold.”

“Are the furs worth more?”

“These furs are worth ten times more than twenty crowns; but as I was a fool, I suppose I must pay for it, and leave them all.”

“Wait, wait just a minute,” cried André, and ran to his cabin.

His flying fingers ripped up the

woolen vest, and drew out twenty golden crowns. These in his hand, he hurried back.

“Here, take them, Robert. There are twenty. Give me the furs. I’ll carry them.”

Still more astonished, Robert paid the men. The boats pushed off, and once again the *Gift of God* spread her wings to the western wind.

Each brother had much to learn and much to tell, as the bark flew on. Robert had been in England and had sailed on English ships. Then he had found a place, that promised much profit, on the Basque ship.

“These furs of mine I got with all my savings, André. But for you I should have to beg my way.”

André, proud to help his brother, told him how Père Gaspard had sewed the money in his vest, and how

it had already saved his life in the fight on Lake Champlain.

With all these stories, and more from Monsieur Champlain, the long voyage quickly passed; and every eye grew bright when they saw once more the sunny shores of France.



## CHAPTER XXIV

### A NEW COUNT DUCLAIR

The sun had set, and the mists of evening gathered about the hills and towers of Rouen, as the boat at last reached the shore, not far from the Lion Gate. André and Robert were once more at home.

Their furs and extra clothing were left in the bark at Honfleur, to come up later, so the boys had only a small bundle to carry.

“It is nearly dark now,” said André. “Père Gaspard told me to wait till evening before I went home. In this fog no one will know us.”

“Let us go,” replied Robert. “No

one will know me anyway, and you have changed much since you left."

The brothers went silently through the narrow streets, now dark and foggy, until they came to the outer door of the home they knew so well.

It was shut.

"That is very strange," whispered André. "He always kept the outer door open in the evening."

"There is no light," said Robert.

"No, everything is dark."

André thought a moment. "It may be that Père Gaspard has been driven away by Count Duclair, or —"

"Or what?"

André did not speak.

"I know what you mean. But do not fear. Père Gaspard is too wise to be caught by the Count. We shall find him, I promise you."

André looked up. "The bolt on

Marie's window was always loose. I might climb up and pull it open."

"Yes, try. Here, climb on my shoulder, and hold on by the ledge."

The boys looked up and down the quiet street. It was empty. Quickly André climbed to Robert's shoulder. He clung to the ledge and climbed up. His long practice on the ship made this easy for him.

In a moment Robert heard the scraping of iron on stone. He could see the window above come open. André disappeared.

"Aha," he said, "we shall get in, at least, and see what is there."

In another moment the great key turned in the lock; the door slowly opened, and closed again after him. Within all was dark and cold.

"Take my hand," whispered André. "I know my way about."

Soon they came to the furnace in the large room.

“I can find the tinder box on the shelf, I think,” said André. “Yes, here it is. Wait.”

Robert stood in the dark until André struck steel against flint, and dropped the spark into a bit of cotton. He blew on the spark until the cotton glowed. Then he stuck a splinter of pine, covered with sulphur, into the heat. It sputtered and flamed.

“Here is a bit of candle on the table, André. Now we are all right.”

“Well,” said André, after they had looked about, and found nothing at all to tell them what had happened, “I must open my letter.”

“What letter?”

“When I went away Père Gaspard gave me a letter, sealed with wax. He said that if he was not here

when I got back, to open the letter, and I would know what to do."

André took off the woolen vest, and they ripped open the pocket where the letter was sewed in.

"I'll hold the light, André. What does it say?"

*"Go to the secret room and stand beside the bed, facing the wall on the left side. With your right hand feel behind the bed, until you find a little knob in the carved wood of the wall. Press on this knob. A door will open before you. Light a candle. Take two steps down. Follow the passage until it turns to the left. Then take two paces to the left. Reach above your head until you find a nail in the stone wall.*

*"Pull on this nail. A little door will open. Inside you will find an iron box. Take this box to Master*

*Brook. He has the key. In the box are papers that will tell you what you wish to know, and will answer all the questions you have asked me before. The jewels and gold in the box belong to you and Robert."*

"Ah, the secret room," cried Robert. "Now we shall know who we are at last."

"Gold and jewels, it says here," André went on. "I never knew we had gold or jewels. Père Gaspard gave me the fifty crowns; but I thought that he saved them himself."

"Perhaps he did. Wait, I'll find another candle on the shelf."

André put the letter back in his pocket. They lit the candle, and went to the secret room, that seemed just as André had left it.

Standing face to the wall, André felt behind the bed. He found the

knob, and pressed hard upon it. Then a door in the wood panels silently opened before him.

The door was so cleverly fitted, that even when he knew it was there, he could not see where it came until it opened.

“Two steps down,” said Robert, “and along the passage until it turns to the left.”

They went down into a narrow, damp, cold passage, lined with stones. They could hear rats scampering away as they entered.

“Not so pleasant here,” whispered Robert. “But I’m not much afraid of rats. The ship was full of them.”

Soon they came to a point where the passage turned to the left.

“There,” whispered André, “now two paces in.”

He took the two paces, and was

reaching above him to find the nail, when they heard a sound behind them in the passage.

Both boys turned, and held up their candles. Before them, in the shadow of the passage, stood Père Gaspard. He was in his fur robe and cap, and held a bare, gleaming sword.

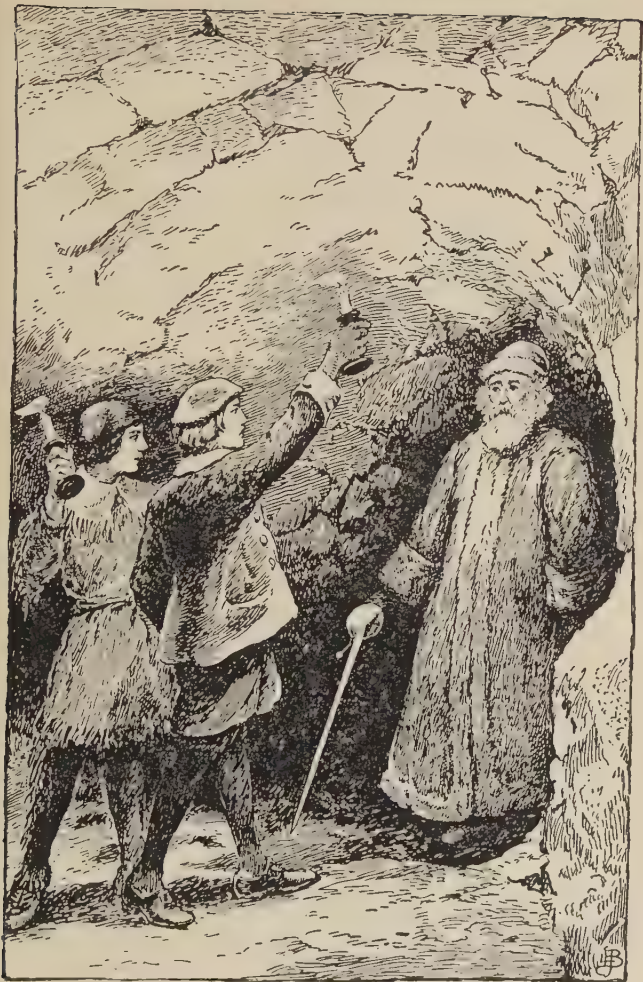
For a moment he stared at them in silence, by the dim, flickering light of the candles. Then a look of joy swept over his face.

“André! Robert! It is you! Ah, my boys, you have come back. Come, come, my children. Let us talk.”

He led them out, back into the secret room, and into the shop; where he made sure that every shutter was tight, and every curtain closely drawn over the windows.

“Ah, my boys, how well and strong you look! How big you are!” He





Before them stood Père Gaspard



kissed them on each cheek. "I have feared for you so much."

"But you, Père Gaspard, you are in danger. Has the Count done you harm?" André took the old man's hand in both his own.

"As for me, it is nothing." Père Gaspard smiled. "When Count Duclair heard that André had gone, he was furious. He went into such a rage that he fell sick. Then Master Brook came in haste one night, not long ago, and told me I must fly.

"Next day men came from the castle to seize me, but the shop was closed, and I was gone. As you see, my children," he went on with a droll smile, "I had not gone very far.

"Then the Count flew into such a fury that he suffered a stroke, and was very ill indeed. We shall not have to fear him long, for—hark—"

A bell sounded outside.

Père Gaspard took a great silver watch from his pocket, and shook his head slowly. "It is not the hour," he said. "Let us listen."

Dong—dong—dong—dong—the great bell tolled above them.

Père Gaspard opened a window. Another bell, and then another, sounded on the air. All the bells of Rouen, a hundred bells of Rouen, great bells that boomed, small bells that sadly sang, were slowly, slowly tolling in the night.

Père Gaspard turned to Robert with a quaint bow. Then he threw open the outer door. He took down the shutters, and drew back the curtains from the windows.

While the two boys stood wondering, he came back to Robert.

"My Lord," he said, bowing again

before him, with his droll smile. "I salute you, for you are Count Duclair. The bells of Rouen tell us that Count Duclair is dead.

"As for you, André, you are the Count Duclair's younger brother, which is to say you are nothing at all, except what you make of yourself by your own labor.

"But you are not poor, I promise you; for your mother brought me jewels and gold of her own that I should hide, and keep safe until you and Robert were grown to be men."

While they were still wondering, and looking at each other in surprise, Père Gaspard held the candle to some splinters in the furnace and kindled a fire to heat the cold room.

"Come, my boys, sit down where it is warm, and let me tell you what you have long wanted to know.

“Your mother was an heir to the Duclair estate. The fortune really belonged to her; but the Count was powerful and greedy, while she longed for peace and quiet. So he got the title and the estate.

“He knew that you boys might some day claim the fortune, and take it from him; so he hated you both, and wished you evil.

“In that iron box are the papers that prove your right to the fortune of Duclair, for now no other heirs are living who could claim it.

“Within a few days, Robert, all these matters will be made clear. Then you will go to be master in the Castle of Duclair, and I know you will be a Lord that all your folk will love and honor.”

“But you, Père Gaspard. You have not told us who you really are,” said André.

“ Ah, as for me, I am your father’s uncle. I am nobody, just an apothecary, as you see. But I loved your dear mother, and promised her I would care for you, and keep your secret until you were men.

“ And now, my children, I am old. It is time that I went off to bed to sleep on both ears, for this has been a day to tax my strength, and ends in joy. You will wish to talk together.

“ Put up the shutters, André, and bar the door, as you have done so often, and I will say good night.”

By candle light the brothers sat and talked until late, beside the glowing furnace.

“ And I shall be Count Duclair,” said Robert, as they rose at length. “ What joy I’ll have in making all things pleasant for Père Gaspard, who has done so much for us.

“ And you, André. You will come, too. I promise that you will not be nobody in the Castle of Duclair.”

André paused and thought.

“ No, my brother,” he replied “ Père Gaspard said that I shall not be poor. Here in the narrow streets of Rouen I could never live again. I shall go back to be with Monsieur Champlain. There in Canada I can wander in the forest, and hear the wild birds sing. I can visit lakes and rivers no one yet has ever seen. You are Count Duclair, and must care for your Castle and your folk. But let me go back and build my fortune in the new world.”

THE END











St. Lawrence River

Tadousac

Montreal

Quebec

Cape Cod

Nauset

Where the kettle was stolen 1605

Chatham

Where four sailors were killed 1606

St. Croix  
Winter of 1604

Port Royal

Summer of 1605-1606

Nova Scotia

Signe de la Croix

Map draught  
Champl

Bar





